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TO A BUNCH OF ROSES.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Sweet flowers, whilst ye impart
The fragrance of the spring-time rich and rare,
Go, bear that errand to young Julia's heart,
Which only roses bear.

Go, tell her, lovely flowers,
That in my soul her own dear image gleams,
A light, a radiance in my waking hours,
A glory in my dreams.

Say, though my love is hers,
To her alone I can that love reveal;
Among her many burning worshipers
I would, but may not, kneel.

Tell her it were your bliss
Upon her gentle bosom to repose,
And she perhaps may give you one sweet kiss—
Oh, that I were a rose.

BLANCHE BERTRAND;

OR,

PERILS OF THE BORDER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE RENEGADE AND HIS CAPTIVE.

When Eugene was enabled for the second time to get a distinct view of the interior of the lodge, he beheld Ralph Hawley standing by the table, with his eyes fixed upon Blanche, who, in a sitting posture, was unflinchingly returning his rude gaze; while the other females, as was characteristic with the Indian women, were, to all appearance, mere passive spectators—though who shall say that suppressed feelings of grief, anger, and jealousy were not seething and boiling in the breast of one ere the close of the interview between her husband and rival? for the younger was, after the custom of the Indians, the wife of Ralph Hawley.

For a short time not a word was spoken on either side—during which the two principal parties kept their eyes steadily fixed upon each other—the renegade with a lowering, brutal look, and Blanche with an expression of cold, haughty defiance.

"Well," said Ralph at length, "I'm here agin, you see!"

"I see!" replied Blanche, coldly.

"And I hope the sight's agreeable?"

"To your wife it may be."

"And arn't you my wife?"

"*I!*" exclaimed Blanche, with withering scorn: "*your wife?* If I were, there would be a short life for one of us!"

"Ho! ho! my pretty dear!" laughed the renegade—a scornful, malignant laugh—"you threaten, hey?"

"I speak plain words, with a clear and obvious meaning!"

"And what 'ud you do, now, s'posing you war my wife?"

"What would I do if I had wings and freedom? Pray take a supposable case, if you want to question me concerning my future acts!"

"I don't exactly understand you!" said Hawley, with a savage scowl.

"I know you do not, or you would not waste so much of your precious time in trying to convince me you do!" rejoined Blanche.

Hawley ripped out a wicked oath, and added:

"Fotch the thing down to a p'int, gal! and not talk riddles all night, like a —— fool! What do you mean? Put it in square English!"

"In plain English, then, I am not your wife, and never will be! and you waste your time in trying to convince me you have the power to make me so! or the power to bend me to your will one single degree beyond what suits *my* will and pleasure!"

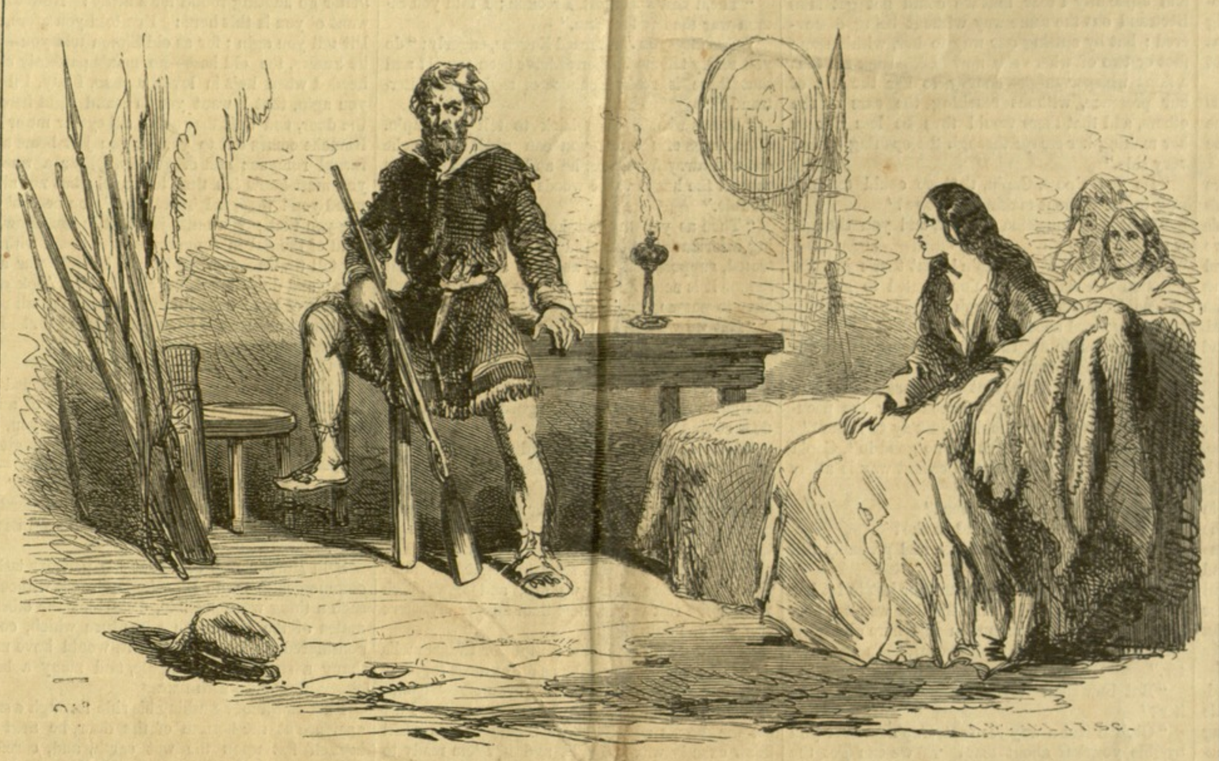
"That's brave talk, my beauty! but just recollect I haint tried you yet in the rough ways we takes to fotch obstreporious women to the quiet p'int! So fur you've had what I call rayther extra good usage, considering; but if you keep on raising the devil in me, you'll find what it ar' to have a foe in him as mought a been your friend, like."

"Friend!" exclaimed Blanche, with indignant scorn: "you a friend?—such a friend, indeed, as the wolf is to the lamb!"

"Well," returned Ralph, with a grim smile, "you're no *lamb!*"

"I cannot return the compliment, by saying you are no *wolf!*" was the sharp and cutting rejoinder. "Talk not of being a friend to me, vile man of crime and blood!" pursued Blanche, with flashing eyes; "for friend is a sacred and holy term, expressive of a high and noble nature—a nature that does not enter into the composition of a fiend! You speak of my having received what you consider good treatment! You know the assertion is an unmitigated falsehood! When did I ever receive good usage at your hands? or the hands of the barbarians around you? Was it when I was being driven like a dumb beast through more than a hundred miles of forest, much of the time loaded with an oppressive burden, half-starved through the day, and so painfully bound at night that often sleep was banished from my weary frame? Or was it when I came to this village of howling demons, and found myself insulted in the grossest manner, and buffeted about by women and children, while the men looked on and laughed at the *sport?*"

"But you know I warn't along then, as I'd had to go another way," returned Hawley, apologetically; "and so I can't be blamed for that as I didn't know about it till arterwards. If I'd a been here, I'd a seed that they didn't beat you, pull your hair, tear your clothes, and them things."



THE HEROINE AND THE RENEGADE.

"And how much better has been my treatment since your arrival?" continued Blanche. "True, foul hands have not been placed upon me since you took and shut me up in this miserable place; but I have been a prisoner here, and blows have been threatened; and, worse than all, I have been obliged, more than once before to-night, to listen to your insults."

"Come! come! that's crowding me rayther hard, gal!" scowled Ralph; "and it's saying things that I don't like to hear. Bad as you think you've been treated, I tell you, what I said afore, that it's right good usage to what you'll find if you once git me sot dead agin you. The fact ar', my high-born beauty, I've tuk a sharp fancy to you; there's so'thing bright and sassy about you that I like considerable—not to say nothing of your purty face; and so I've tuk more from you nor any other woman I ever knowed. I've got a powerful grudge agin your father, that you know; if thar's a man's heart's blood in this world that I'd like to let out, it's hisn; but if you'll only come over and do about the right thing, I'll let slide all hard feelings and idees of revenge, and just behave myself as well as ar' in my natur!"

"What do you call the right thing?" inquired Blanche.

"Why, you see, I've got a good, snug lodge here, and I'd just like you to be the mistress on't."

"And you can talk thus to me in the presence of your wife?"

"Oh, she's only a squaw wife, who's all very well in her place; but the fact ar', you see, me and you's of the same race, and the same color, and is more fit to come together like."

"But have I not told you, more than once, that I would sooner die than be the wife of such a wretch as you?"

"Oh, yes," returned Hawley, in a tone of indifference, "you've said that thar a few times, I know; but then, you see, you'll git tired of saying it, arter a while, as all women does, and come round all right."

"Never! never!" cried Blanche, with the most indignant scorn.

"Then I'll have to make you, that's all; and if a few months at planting and hoeing corn, dragging wood and water, cooking and gineral drudgery, don't fotch you to the yielding p'int, I'll just turn you over to the fust Injun that wants you!"

"As well be his wife as yours!" said Blanche. "Nay, is not the difference, if there be any to note, in his favor?—for he is a savage by nature, and you by degradation!—he lives up to the light he has, and is respected by his race; while you sink from a proud hight to his level, and disgrace the land that gave you birth!"

For a few moments after hearing these words, the features of Hawley wore a perfectly diabolical expression; while his fingers worked convulsively, and his hands opened and shut spasmodically. Then taking a step forward, he half raised his arm, as if to strike down the unflinching girl who had so fearlessly roused his anger by telling him some unpalatable truths. Blanche, however, moved not, but kept her eyes unquailingly upon him, and seemed, by her proud, defiant look, to dare him to further disgrace himself by the unmanly deed.

But the blow, which the excited Eugene expected to see fall—and which, whatever the consequences, would have been the death-signal of the white monster—was not given. Ralph Hawley took only one step forward, and then seemed to grow irresolute. Then the partially-raised hand slowly returned to his side, and the fiendish expression of his features gradually modified, and disappeared, and was supplanted by one of as much admiration as was in the nature of the man.

"I can't do it!" he said at length, still keeping his black eyes fastened upon the blue eyes of Blanche, and drawing in his breath with something like a sigh: "I can't do it, by ——! I don't know how it ar', Blanche Bertrand, but thar's a so'thing about you that comes over me mighty quar, and gives you a chance to say what no other living human ever dar'd to say! and I'll just own up, that I'd rayther have your good opinion, for all the rest of the world put together—white, red, and black included."

"Then," said Blanche, in a somewhat milder tone—not a little surprised that her bitter reproaches, sarcastic allusions, and antagonistic course generally, should have produced a favorable impression upon so hardened a reprobate—"if you wish my good opinion, Ralph Hawley, why do you not seek to deserve it?"

"What 'ud you have me do?"

"Quit your vile, criminal ways—repent of your wicked deeds—return to your own race—and endeavor, for the rest of your days, to live an honest life!"

"And would you shar' that thar life with me if I did?"

"No! but, so far as your repentance went, I would respect you. Take me from these accursed savages, and restore me to my father, and I will forgive all the past connected with myself, and pledge myself that he and my friends generally shall do the same!"

"And what good 'ud that thar do me, arter I'd gin you up? You'd only become the wife of somebody else; and I'd have to go sneaking about, like a whipped cur, with everybody knowing my disgrace, and p'inting the finger of scorn at me, like they done afore."

"But your conscience would tell you that you had done right!" said Blanche; "and that might afford you some moments of peace, which your present course can never permit you to enjoy."

"Conscience be ——!" growled Hawley. "Conscience don't trouble me none, nor never did; I've allers done what looked right to me; and if I've got anything to regret, it's on account of my not getting the chance to butcher a few more Wirginy scoundrels. But we'll have a few more on 'em soon, or I don't know nothing about Injun savageness and cunning."

"What do you mean?" inquired Blanche, for the first time showing a little uneasiness.

"You know him as got away from us t'other night, by that thar infernal nigger's gnawing off his rope?"

"Yes! yes! well? well?" exclaimed Blanche, fairly catching her breath, her pale features suddenly flushing, and her stern, haughty expression instantly changing to one of eager interest—a change too sudden and great to escape the keen observation of the suspicious renegade.

"Why, you're partikarly interested all at once!" he said.

"Of course!" returned Blanche, thus made aware of her indiscretion, and quickly recovering herself through that presence of mind which seldom deserted her. "Of course I am interested! Why should I not be? Would you have me like a stone, without any feeling? Was he not my companion in misery—my friend—my father's secretary and agent?"

"Why don't you say your lover, and done with't?" said Hawley.

"Because I generally keep to the truth. You can call him my lover, if it suits you; and probably you will get as near the truth then as you generally do."

"Well, one thing I know," rejoined Hawley; "I know he loved you—kase I seed that thar myself, with half an eye, all the time; but if I knowed you did him—(and that's whar I'm puzzled—for thar's no telling much about you women—kase you're one thing to-day, and another to-morrow—now as lively as a fawn and pleasant as a kitten—and now as stubborn as a mule and cross as a b'ar—and allers as changeable as the wind,)—I say if I knowed you loved him, and I could only get hold of him agin, I'd cut his cussed heart out, and give his burnt carcass to the dogs!"

"And if living, he *has* a heart," returned Blanche, boldly, "which is more than I think you have! But what about him? You were going to tell me *something about him!*"

"Yes!" said Hawley, taking his eyes from Blanche for the first time since entering the lodge, glancing about the dwelling, and deliberately seating himself on the table near the lamp; so that, by partly turning his head away, and looking down on the ground, he could glance furtively at his captive: "Yes, I war gwine to tell you so'thing about him. Yes, you see, he got away!"

"Entirely?" queried Blanche, calmly, suppressing her feelings by a great effort.

"Yes, entirely!" said the renegade.

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Blanche. "I thank you for at least so much good news!"

"But he war tuk agin!" pursued Hawley, with a grim smile, glancing furtively at his fair prisoner.

"Ha! taken? do you tell me he was again taken?" cried Blanche, quickly, again thrown off her guard by the mere force of her feelings. "When? where? where is he now? what have they done with him? what are they going to do with him?"

Hawley uttered a wicked oath, as he turned fiercely upon our heroine, and hoarsely rejoined:

"Don't try to blind me, gal! don't try to blind me! If you don't love that whey-faced scoundrel, then thar's no Heaven!"

Blanche smiled—actually smiled—a forced smile, it is true, but seemingly a natural one—for so could she by her powerful will control her external appearance, even while the most keen and agonizing emotions were rending her very soul.

"And if there is a Heaven," she said, "I do not think you believe it—much less that you will ever get there, unless you mend your ways! Love!" she pursued: "love! Pshaw! Are you a sentimental youth, that you can talk of nothing but love? If I express an interest in a friend, I must of course be in love with him!—if I hear that he is captured by savages—is already killed or likely to be—the natural interest of inquiry is supposed to result from love solely! I really wish, Ralph Hawley, if you will come at the midnight hour, rouse your whole household, and insist upon my talking to you, that you would at least talk good sense, and act as nearly like a rational being as lies in your power!"

"Well, you're a —— puzzle!" rejoined the renegade; "and anybody as knows what to make o' you, has got to be smarter than me!"

"That is a very sensible remark!" returned Blanche; "and founded upon a very sensible conclusion; and now, having arrived at that important point, suppose you condescend to tell me what you set out to tell me about my friend?"

"Well, you know we sent two of our party arter him?"

"Yes, I believe you did—you said you did, at least."

"Well, they didn't cotch him."

"I hardly expected they would, though I had my fears. But still you say he was taken?"

"Yes, you see, the thundering fool——"

"Stop!" interrupted Blanche: "you forget that the person you are speaking of is a gentleman, and my friend! If you have no respect for him, I trust you will have a little for me!"

Hawley ripped out some half-a-dozen oaths in quick succession; and swore, among other things, "that he war never so confoundedly twistified by no woman on 'arth." Then resorting to his tobacco, he nearly crammed his mouth with the weed, and proceeded:

"Well—*Mister* Fairfax—— Does that thar suit you better?"

"That will do much better!" said Blanche.

"Well, then, *Mister* Fairfax, arter he left us, run plump into another camp, whar he stole a rifle, and mought have got off, if he hadn't woke up the sleeping Injuns. In fact, he did get off as it war; but war tuk agin the same day; and our two warriors follering on, overtook the party at night. They demanded him and the nigger—— S'pose it don't hurt your feelings none me calling your servant a nigger, does it?"

"No—go on—never mind that!" answered Blanche. "That is as near to polite language, probably, as your education will permit you to get!"

"Well, then, they demanded him and the nigger," pursued Hawley; "and arter a short talk, this second party gin 'em up. Then one of our Injuns went up to the—the—*Mister* Fairfax—and, just by way of l'arning him a lesson, knocked him over."

"Well!" said Blanche; "what then?"

"Then he jumped up—for the fools hadn't bound him,—I mean the Injuns this time,—s'pose that's no unrespect to you?"

"No!" replied Blanche; "you may call *them* as many hard names as you like."

"Well, I say, he jumped up, and sprung upon the Injun, Methoto, cotched him by the throat, drawed his knife, plunged it into his body, snatched away his rifle, and started to run."

"Well?" almost gasped Blanche.

"Then the others all started up and let him have a volley."

"And killed him?" cried Blanche, scarcely suppressing a shriek, in spite of her previous resolution not to appear too much excited.

"That thar's what I don't know," answered Hawley; "they mought have killed him, and then agin they moughtn't; but just then a party of cussed Kentuckians came up, and poured in a volley upon the Injuns, all tuk by surprise like; and rushing on to 'em, afore they had any chance to defend themselves, the villains butchered all but two."

"Well, and what of them?" inquired Blanche.

"Which? the Injuns or the whites?"

"Both!"

"The Injuns got away to the village whar they b'longed; and a runner came over here to tell us about it; and we and they has both sent out three or four big parties, hunting for these Kentuckians; *and if they're not tuk already, they will be, sartin;* for there's no get-away for them; and once we git 'em, you'll see how we'll sarve 'em: thar'll be some fine roasting done then, or I'm a liar!"

"You think their capture is certain, do you?"

"I'll bet my life on't!"

"And why did you not go with one of these parties?"

"That's my business!" growled Ralph. "But if you feel proud o' me, it 'll do you some good to know that it war my head as planned the whole affa'r; and you'll see to-morrow, or next day at furthest, that I'm no fool at the business."

At this moment Eugene—who had kept his eye to the aperture, and become so intensely interested and excited by all he was seeing and hearing, as to forget where he was and the dangers which surrounded him—felt a hand lightly touch his shoulder. He started suddenly, and in doing so his rifle struck with a clink against one of the posts of the door. The noise, slight as it was, and scarcely heard above the driving storm, being unusual, instantly attracted the attention of the quick-hearing inmates; and with an exclamation of surprise, the renegade at once sprung from the table and started for the door.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONSULTING AND PLANNING.

"Etarnal thunders to you, Cap'n! but you're easy skeered!" were the whispered words that greeted the ear of the startled Eugene, as, grasping his rifle with one hand, and his knife with the other, he turned to confront a friend or an enemy.

"Ha! Seth! is it you?" replied the young Virginian, in a quick, eager whisper also. "Back! back! quick! quick! for the accursed renegade is doubtless approaching the door! and if the light once shines upon us we are lost! Hist! hist! there he comes now!"

As Eugene spoke, the heavy robe which hung at the door was thrust hurriedly aside, and the short, square figure of Ralph Hawley stood clearly revealed to the eyes of two of his most bitter enemies. Our friends had retreated some twenty or thirty feet; and this distance, which completely screened them from the eyes of the renegade, left him clearly exposed to their view, because of his standing in bold relief against the brighter background of the interior of his dwelling.

"That's him, is it?" whispered Seth; "that's the cussed white nigger as consorts with the red, hey? and calls himself a white gintleman from old Wirginny?—that's the infernal scoundrel that helped the Injuns to murder Tom and Dick, and afterwards tow our boat up the creek, and steal our goods, ar' it?—that's the beast that talked so blather-skitily about what he war agwine for to do to us white gintlemen, ef we didn't come out peaceable and gin up all, hey? Wall, Cap'n, I tell you what—I want his hair!—and ef you'll jest lay low and keep docile, I'll hev it in about two jiffeys!"

"Good heavens, Seth! what are you going to do?" said Eugene, laying hold of the arm of the boatman as he was about to move away from him.

"Lay low, Cap'n—I'm jest agwine to fix him—that thar same white nigger?"

"Hold, Seth! for Heaven's sake! are you mad? Do you forget where you are? Do you want to bring the whole town upon us, and ruin all my hopes of saving Blanche Bertrand?"

"That's a p'inted fact, Cap'n; I own up that I'd forgot whar we war; for the sight o' that hound 'ud make me forgit to eat when I war hungry. But the gal—the Cunnel's darter—what of her? is she thar?"

"Yes, she is in that lodge, with two squaws and the renegade for her guard, and we must find some way to save her! Back! back! further back! or we may be discovered!" he quickly added, as at the moment he perceived the renegade leave the hut, and seem to peer into the darkness around him, and then disappear behind the lodge, apparently in search of whoever might be there. "Back! back!" he continued, half-dragging the reluctant boatman with him, as he hastily retreated to a safe distance. "Hist! hist! keep quiet!—it is all important!—I will soon tell you what I overheard!"

"I could do it, Cap'n—I know I could—jest as easy as winking!" muttered Seth, keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon the lodge. "Yes, you see, he's gone one way, and I could go t'other, and settle him afore he'd know what ailed him."

"Do be quiet, Seth! and give up such an insane idea, for Heaven's sake!" replied Eugene, hurriedly. "Why, if you were even to kill him, man, without drawing from him a single cry of alarm, which I consider next to impossible, you would not aid my purpose in the least; for there are two others within who could not be so readily disposed of—to say nothing of his body being discovered by some chance party strolling about the town—in which case nothing short of a miracle could save us!"

"Wall, wall, Cap'n, to please you I'll keep docile," rejoined Seth; "but jest recollect it's a big favor I does on your account; for I want that imp's h'ar wusser'n I ever did any Injun's top-knot as ever I seed."

"And perhaps your wish may be gratified," was the reply of the other; "but now at least is not the time for a bold stroke of that kind; we must be prudent, or all is lost."

Keeping themselves quiet for some two or three minutes, our friends saw the renegade pass into his dwelling, and close the entrance as before. This was a great relief to Eugene, for it seemed to prove that nothing suspicious had been discovered; and he forthwith proceeded, as briefly and hurriedly as possible, to make his companion acquainted with the most important part of what he had overheard, and then asked his advice as to what course had better be pursued next.

"Wall, it's got a powerful ugly look, Cap'n, I'll allow!" replied the boatman. "The gal's diskivered—that's one good thing; but to git her away safe, ar' purty much of another, I reckon. And then you tell me the infarnal red niggers is arter us in four big parties! Now that looks troublous!—for they'll be spread all round in every direction, and nose every track, jest like the sneaking hounds they is! Lucky this storm come up, or we mought have been goners afore this; and even ef we war to git away now, with the gal along, I can't see werry cl'ar how we'll git fur without having them as is here onto our trail, besides the danger of running agin some o' the brutes that's out-lying and scouting."

"For the love of Heaven, do not talk so despondingly, Seth! Give me some hope—some little hope—however faint! For the thought of leaving Miss Blanche now, after having found her—leaving her a wretched captive in the hands of her unmerciful enemies—and especially in the power of that villain Hawley—is a maddening thought! and more than I can bear! She *must* be rescued! there *must* be found a way by which it may be done!—Think, Seth! think! Put all your wits to work! You have heretofore proved yourself equal to any emergency: In Heaven's name, do so in this instance, and your reward shall be great!"

"Reward arn't *the thing, Cap'n," replied the other. "Ef I only knowed* how it mought be done, thar's no man on the borders as 'ud go to work and do it with a righter good will nor me. But to tell you the truth, it looks awful dubious, it does. On the river, you see, we had a chance, and I used it; and we got away then; and mought hev gone cl'ar, 'cept for our own blunders; but now, you see, we're away up in the Injun country; it's knowed as we're here too; thar's parties out arter us; and thar's at least two days right smart tramping atween us and the nearest fort I knows on."

"And what fort is that?" inquired Eugene.

"Fort Washington, I b'lieve they calls it."

"Ah! yes—on the Ohio river—opposite the mouth of the Licking?"

"That's the place, Cap'n."

"And you say it is two days' journey thither?"

"Hard ones at that, ef the Cunnel's darter 's along, with every varmint out o' the way; but with the brutes *in* the way, as it's like they is, it mought take us to etarnity to git thar."

"But if we were mounted on fleet horses, Seth, it might be done in less than one day—in fact, in some eight or ten hours—could it not?" inquired Eugene, anxiously.

"Yes! and ef we could fly, it mought be done quicker; and I 'spect we mought as well wish for wings as hosses."

"Not quite! It is possible our friends may be able to report the discovery of some when we meet again."

"Wall, that's all werry well, Cap'n; but ef we had the hosses all ready, whar's the gal?"

"True! Seth—true!" replied Eugene. "But it occurred to me at the moment, that if the distance to Fort Washington is no more than a ten hours' ride, and we could provide ourselves with a horse for each, we might, should no other means offer, make a bold dash of it, and snatch Blanche from her captors, even at the risk of a general alarm! The night is too dark for pursuit, if once away, and to-morrow might see us safe within the walls of a stronghold! Oh, the thought is almost maddening! By-the-by, have you fallen upon any of the others since our separation?"

"Nary one 'cept you."

"I hope no accident will occur to prevent our meeting as agreed upon!" said Eugene, uneasily. "Is it not a little strange that some others of the party have not already found their way here by chance? The night is very dark! Is there not some danger, Seth, of some of the party missing the rendezvous altogether?"

"Nary time, Cap'n. Let old woodsmen alone for working their way back to whar they come from, even when it's so dark as they can't do nothing but feel. You and Snowball mought git lost—but nary one o' them boys."

"Ah! a new idea strikes me, Seth!" said Eugene, suddenly, grasping the arm of the boatman quite nervously.

"Does it hit hard?" queried Harper.

"Cease your eternal jesting, Seth! Listen! Suppose the parties in the lodge were to fall asleep?"

"Wall, Cap'n, 'spose they war?"

"The couch of Blanche is against the wall, to the right from the door: the hut is constructed of poles, bark and skins: Do you understand?"

"Amazing, Cap'n—seed 'em a many a time afore I did you."

"Oh, no—I mean, do you understand my idea?"

"The feller that struck you jest now, you mean?"

"Pshaw! pshaw!" returned Eugene, impatiently, with not a little apparent vexation.

"Oh, yes—I see, now!" pursued Seth; "you mean as we mought cut the things away next to her?"

"Ay! ay! that is exactly what I mean!" was the quick reply of Eugene; "might it not be done?"

"Sartin, Cap'n—we mought chop up the whole shanty for that thar matter, ef the Injuns 'ud keep docile."

"Seth, there are some good points about you," returned the other, a little sharply; "you are brave in the moments of danger, and have done me good service; but you seem determined to vex and annoy me whenever, as now, I am in the sorest strait, and have the most need of sober counsel."

"Wall, wall, Cap'n," rejoined the boatman, "I'll keep awful quiet arter this, and not say another thing 'cept a p'inted fact. But you ax such quar questions. You say, can't we cut through the skins and bark to Miss Blanche? and I says, yes—we can cut up the whole infarnal pile; but you didn't wait till I could ax what's the good on't! Thar's a door to the lodge, and it looks right reasonous to me that we could git in thar much quicker."

"I see you do not comprehend my suggestion, Seth!" said Eugene. "What I had in view is this: If we were to enter through the door, with the light burning, even should the parties be all asleep, the slightest sound might rouse them, and then it would be almost impossible to escape observation, and especially I fear that we could not get Miss Bertrand out the same way without being discovered; but by cutting our way to her, within some foot or two of where she now is, it struck me that a faint whisper might convey to her the fact of our presence, without reaching the ears of the others, and that there would then be less risk in her making her escape through the opening by her very side."

"Do you s'pose, Cap'n, that we could cut our way to her without making no noise?"

"That is the question I asked, and you thought we could."

"Beg your pardon, Cap'n! that thar's jest the question you didn't ax. You wanted to know ef we could cut our way through thar—but you never said nary word about noise."

"Then you do not think it could be done without our being overheard? taking into consideration, at the same time, that this storm—this driving wind and rain—might account for the peculiar sounds which we should be likely to make?"

"But ef it could, I can't see no good in't, Cap'n—kase it 'pears to me as the easiest way is allers the best."

"What do you propose, then?"

"Miss Blanche arn't bound, is she?"

"She was not when I saw her, and probably will not be."

"Wall, what better d'ye want nor jest to let her know we're here, and let her find her way out herself? Ef thar's a woman on this here almighty 'arth as can do it, and do it decent, she's the critter."

"But how shall we convey the information to her?"

"Oh, I'll find a way for that, Cap'n—never you trouble yourself about that! Ef we can get the t'other part of the matter fixed—the hosses and them things—we'll eyther fotch her off cl'ar, or leave the niggers our old scalps."

"Ha! yes! the horses!" said Eugene. "All, then, seems now to depend upon the finding, capture, and preparation of the horses for our purpose!"

"Them's em—jest so—and thar's the difficulty—and the only one *as I sees in the way. Ef I only knowed that we could git hold* o' the hosses for sartin—git 'em bridled like, and up to our meeting-place, inside o' two hours, without making no noise, and without giving no alarm—I'd call the thing purty nigh fixed; for I reckon that the t'other part, of gitting the gal out o' the lodge, mought be done; and once we git her mounted, it'll be somebody's fault ef she's tuk agin by any of these here imps."

"Can we do any better, then, than return to our rendezvous at once?" inquired Eugene; "for that, I think, will be the most certain way of meeting the others; and it is possible some of them may bring us the intelligence we want."

"Yes," returned Seth, "ef thar's a hoss within a mile o' here, Simon Kenton will smell him out—for he's got a nose and eye for a hoss, like a hound has for a fox, partikerly ef it's a Injun hoss."

"Then we will back at once to the rendezvous," said Eugene, "and God grant that the others return soon and safely, without creating an alarm! Yet, stay! On second thought, perhaps you had better go back alone, Seth, and let me remain here on the watch, to direct any of the party who may happen to approach this lodge before quitting the village!"

To this proposition Seth readily acceded, as the best under the circumstances, and almost immediately took his leave of Eugene, warning him to be very cautious and vigilant, and assuring him that, if all the scouts should get to the rendezvous before him, he would himself return to guide him thither.

On once more finding himself alone, Eugene, first feeling that all his arms were secure, returned cautiously to the lodge of the renegade, and again attempted to peer within; but this time without success; for the robe had either been so disposed as to leave no crevice or aperture for the light to shine through, or else the latter had been extinguished. He put his ear up close and listened, and fancied he heard the voice of the renegade, but was not certain even of this, and of course was not able to connect any intelligence with the sound under the circumstances.

Eugene knew not whether to regard this change as favorable to his purpose or not; for in one point of view it seemed to prove that Hawley had put out his light and retired to rest without suspicion; and in another point of view, that he had either concealed or extinguished it because of his suspicion, and was now on the watch within.

Stepping quietly back, Eugene glided stealthily around the lodge, looking sharply for any glimmer of light; but finding none whatever, he came to the conclusion that there was no longer one within; and though tempted to part the skin at the door with his knife, and ascertain for a certainty, he prudently forbore doing what might have satisfied his curiosity and imperiled his life at the same time.

Oh, what would he not have given at that moment, for one minute's conversation with Blanche! to assure her that he was alive, and near her, with a few daring friends, not one of whom would hesitate a moment to risk his life for her rescue! If he could only tell her this, he thought, and give her hope—tell her of his plan, and get her co-operation—the greatest part of his hazardous undertaking would thus be accomplished!

For more than an hour Eugene remained on the watch, moving stealthily about in the driving rain, and with every garment water-soaked and clinging closely to him. During this time, owing to the darkness, he was not certain that one of his companions had been near him—though more than once a shadowy-looking figure had glided past him, so closely that he might have put his hand upon the object; yet he neither did so, nor ventured a whisper, for fear of betraying himself to a foe instead of a friend.

At length, as he stood near the door of the lodge, listening to every sound, but hearing nothing from within, he fancied that a whisper reached his ear from without, pronouncing his name. Remaining perfectly still, and looking keenly about him, he soon fancied he perceived as it were the mere shadow of a human figure, of which no distinct outline was visible, drawing nearer to him by such slow degrees as to give it, at the first view, the appearance of remaining stationary. Presently he heard himself addressed more distinctly; and recognizing the voice of Seth in the new-comer, he quickly replied; and then immediately drew back with him from the lodge, to a point about half way between that and another, where they could carry on their conversation as before, without much danger of being overheard.

"What news, Seth? what news?" Eugene eagerly demanded, though still preserving a cautious whisper.

"Wall, Cap'n, the boys is all back thar now, and most on 'em war powerful astonished to find me thar ahead of 'em, with more news than they'd all got together."

"But the horses, Seth—what of the horses?"

"Them thar's all right, I reckon: I told you Simon war the boy for them."

"God bless you!" returned Eugene, eagerly; "do you really tell me the horses have been found? and that there is really a chance of saving Miss Bertrand?"

"That's what I come back to tell you, Cap'n. Simon says ef me and you can git Miss Blanche out and away from here, he and the rest on 'em can git the hosses to the woods thar without much trouble."

"Then as you say you know a way of conveying information to Miss Blanche, without being detected, suppose you set about it at once! for the sooner it is accomplished, the more time we shall have to pursue our flight under cover of night."

"But we wouldn't git werry fur arter all, ef we war to start now," returned Seth; "so I don't see no use in being in a big hurry; and Kenton says we'd better git all the hosses thar fust, so that we can make sure o' them and a good run, in case it does come to tight dodging."

"Why do you think we would not get far if we were to start now?" inquired Eugene.

"Kase it's so almighty dark that we couldn't nyther see our direcion, nor whar we war a gwine; and mought git our heads smashed agin the trees, or our necks broke over the rocks."

"But bad as it is, you seem to forget how much worse it is here where we are, and how much greater the risk we run here than almost anywhere else you can name!"

"But afore we make the ventur' for the Cunnel's darter, I reckon it's best for us all to meet together agin, and have our plans cl'arly arranged—so that, ef one thing won't do, maybe another will. Fust git the hosses and the boys together, so's we'll know exactly whar they is, and hev 'em ready to come down for us hot bent ef they hears any alarm, and then, you see, we can work with a good will, and know exactly what we can depend on."

"Doubtless that is the safest plan," returned Eugene; "but if we carry it out, we certainly have no time to waste: so come, let us back to the rendezvous! and when next we enter this accursed town, Heaven grant it be for the freedom of Blanche Bertrand!"

With this Eugene and Seth set off together; and after carefully picking their way out of the village, they hastened their steps over the open field to the place of meeting, the boatman guiding his less experienced friend, who otherwise might have missed his way altogether.

On reaching the rendezvous, however, only two of the party were found to be there—the others, headed by Kenton, having already gone in quest of the horses, which the latter had discovered on his first exploration.

It was a terribly anxious hour for Eugene—the hour which he waited there for the return of the scouts—all his hopes of saving Blanche, seemingly resting upon their success and the absence of any alarm.

At length he heard quick, heavy footsteps approaching, and his heart beat almost audibly; and a minute after, when the five gallant fellows rode up, leading six or eight fine animals besides those they bestrode, he could scarcely restrain himself from shouting for joy.

A hurried consultation was now held, and everything speedily arranged for a final venture. Among other things, as the whole party felt sanguine of being able to rescue the fair prisoner, it was thought best to bring the timid Duke from his lonely retreat, and thus attempt to save him also from again falling into the hands of the enemies he so dreaded.

"I don't 'spect nothing better nor that the thundering black imp'll make another blunder!" muttered Seth; "but then, you see, boys, he's human, ef he ar' black—a Wirginny nigger at that—and it goes agin Wirginny natur' to leave him to the fun o' the t'other brutes."

This being the opinion of all, Neil Washburn was dispatched for the black, while Eugene and Seth set off for the liberation of Blanche, the rest remaining with the horses, with the understanding that, in case of alarm, they should dash furiously into the centre of the town, uttering their wildest yells, multiplying their numbers by the sound of their voices, and thus seek to create a diversion which might possibly enable the two to escape.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INTO THE LION'S DEN.

It took Eugene and his companion but a few minutes to again reach the lodge of the renegade, which was found, as they had left it, to all appearance dark within and silent. First passing some two or three times around it, to assure themselves there was no one on the watch, they approached the door in a most stealthy manner. Here Seth, putting his ear close to the robe, near the ground, spent some two or three minutes in listening for any sound which might be made within. Then getting up and turning to Eugene, he cautiously whispered:

"Ef thar's anybody astir in thar, I can't hear 'em; but thar's some powerful hard breathing, and I reckon as how the whole nest o' niggers is asleep."

"But are you able to ascertain whether the lamp is burning or not?" inquired the other, anxiously.

"I reckon not, Cap'n," answered Seth. "I poked the skin a bit aside, with the p'int of my knife, and couldn't see nothing at all."

"Then perhaps there will be no better time for our perilous undertaking than now!" said Eugene, fairly trembling as he spoke.

"That's my opine," rejoined the boatman.

"Oh, may God Almighty grant us success!" prayed the other; and no more earnest and fervent prayer ever came from his heart and passed his lips. "Failure!" he added; "I dare not think of failure! for the very thought of failure is as much beyond the thought of death, as the idea of an eternity of misery is beyond the idea of eternal annihilation!"

"Wall, wall, Cap'n," was the response, "I'm agwine in to try my luck, and I'm agwine to do my best; and ef I don't succeed in fotching the gal out, the fault won't be in good intention, anyhow; and ef anything does happen, and thar's a gineral starting up and a grand howl, you mustn't be a bit surprised ef thar's some blood drawed—for what can't be done one way, will hev to be done t'other!"

"But do nothing rash, Seth!" most anxiously rejoined Eugene, grasping tightly the arm of his companion.

"Nary once, Cap'n; I'm altogether cl'ar in knowing what I'm about; and you've seed, afore to-day, as how I can go amongst the brutes as keerful as ary kitten could over hot coals. No! jest you be ready to do your part, and do it up plum center, without no flinching, and we'll all come out right and tight. We knows who's in thar: thar's three women—ef you'll jest allow me to count the Cunnel's darter along with the squaws—and one white-livered runnagade; and for them thar—allers leaving out Miss Blanche in this here calkelation—thar's two well-armed, white gintlemen o' us; and ef we arn't enough to fix off them, we'd better go hunting round for a army! Now what I want o' you is this here: I've told you afore, and I'll tell you agin; for as old Simon told you—and he knows, the old hoss—no man's parfectly cl'ar-headed when he's in love; and so, I say, I'll tell you agin, that I want you to stand right here by the door, and wait thar quiet, till eyther me or Miss Blanche comes out to you, or you jest hears a infarnal rumpus; and ef you does hear a rumpus, you must know it's time to travel; but not alone, mind you! though I 'spect there's no need o' telling you that; you must jest bolt in somehow, git hold of the gal in some shape, and break with her for tall timbers, as if Old Nick himself war arter you; and don't mind me a bit! don't look arter me fust or last! kase I'll eyther come out all right and tight, or else I'll be passed praying for! D'ye understand?"

"Clearly, Seth—clearly!"

"Thar's one thing else I'd forgot," pursued the loquacious boatman; "ef that thar beast of a runnagade happens to slip me and come by you, jest stop him with a ball or a knife till I can git his hair—kase I want that head o' hair o' hisn—the sneaking, thieving, murdering white nigger!"

"Well, there, Seth—that will do—I understand all; and now go forward, and Heaven send us success!"

Seth Harper now set about his perilous task of communicating with Blanche Bertrand, without, if such a thing were possible, disturbing the other inmates of the lodge—an adventure which, coolly considered, as he considered it, would have made many a stout heart tremble, and many a brave cheek grow pale with fear.

First cautiously pushing his rifle through a small aperture at the bottom of the door, he next laid himself flat upon the wet earth, and, carefully drawing a corner of the robe aside, began to crawl in, slowly and stealthily—Eugene, knife in hand, his rifle as well guarded from the rain as was possible under the circumstances, and his heart beating almost audibly, remaining on the watch outside—a somewhat trembling sentinel indeed—for to him these were moments fraught with greater importance, and more intense excitement, than can enter into the calculation, or even the imagination, of one not similarly placed.

But the greatest, the most intense, the most unnerving excitement of Eugene, immediately followed his knowledge of the full and complete entrance of his brave companion into the lodge. Nor was this excitement one jot or tittle abated while the awful suspense lasted, in which no sound came back to his ear, to give the slightest indication of success or failure.

One, two, three minutes glided silently away—minutes so closely noted in every second, that, to our anxious hero, they seemed expanded into tenfold their own duration; and he was just beginning to hope—a strange, wild, indescribable hope—that he should soon have the beloved being he so wildly worshiped once more under his charge, when he was startled at hearing her voice exclaim:

"Who is there?"

To this Eugene heard no reply; but a moment after there was the noise of a quick movement, as of some one starting up; and the voice of the renegade was next heard saying, in a loud, gruff tone:

"Hello! what's the matter thar?"

Eugene was so affected by this that he could scarcely stand, and fairly clutched one of the posts of the door as he listened for the reply, expecting in the next breath to be made aware that either all was lost, or that the salvation of himself and friends depended solely upon quick and desperate action.

But the reply he listened for did not come so quick as he anticipated—and not, in fact, till the same question had been again repeated by Hawley—and then an answer came which for a moment gave great relief to his anxious mind.

"I must have been dreaming, I think," said the voice of Blanche.

"And what d'ye dream?" demanded Hawley.

"You are inquiring into secrets now of which I claim the right to be the keeper!" answered Blanche.

"Well," rejoined Hawley, gruffly, "when anybody starts up in the night, and wakes other people by hollering out thar own skeer, I think it's right that other people should know what it ar' as skeers 'em. I thought I heerd a noise, too—and it war a different one from what you made—and I know I warn't a dreaming."

"Well, if you feel at all *alarmed*," replied Blanche, quietly, "you had better get up, strike a light, and make a search—for who knows but what there are burglars about here, breaking in to steal your gold and jewels!"

"Well," rejoined Hawley, with an oath and a laugh, "ef thar's any o' them critters about this shanty, they're right welcome to all the gold and jewels as they'll get out o' me; so go to sleep, gal, and don't holler no more, or I'll hev to get up and talk to you!"

"You need not mention any other punishment," returned Blanche; "for the dread of that one will keep me silent for the rest of the night, though I should see a thousand burglars in my sleep."

With this the conversation ended; and for a long, long time—for so, at least, it seemed to Eugene—no sound followed, to give the slightest indication of the progress of the perilous design which involved either his greatest happiness or deepest misery.

At last, when his patience had become nearly exhausted, and the long and intense excitement under which he had labored had so enervated his physical powers as to render him comparatively weak and faint, he suddenly became aware that some object was crawling out through the same aperture where Seth had entered, and in the same slow and cautious manner. Without moving his feet in the least, Eugene grasped his knife firmly in his right hand, and slowly and cautiously bent down toward the object, prepared to strike a fatal blow, should it prove, as he feared it might, to be the renegade himself.

"Is it you, Seth?" he whispered.

"Yes, Cap'n," answered the boatman, "it's this here same old hoss. Hush! lay low! nary noise! all's right and tight!"

Seth occupied some half a minute more in drawing himself carefully out, and securing the point of the robe against flapping in the wind, which he did by driving his knife through it, and pinning it to the earth. Then quietly getting upon his feet, he cautiously informed his anxious and excited companion that they would have to wait there some little time before they could expect Blanche Bertrand to appear.

"And will she come?" inquired Eugene, in a nervous whisper. "Did you really communicate with her?"

"Yes," replied Seth; "but she liked to hev sp'ilt all by that thar fust skeer of hern."

He then, in his own peculiar manner, proceeded to tell the other, as well as the surrounding circumstances would permit, all that had occurred within; how he had crept along in the darkness, by the slowest possible motion, being guided only by the sense of feeling and the description which Eugene had given him of the appearance of the interior, and the disposition of the different parties; how he had found the couch of Blanche on the right, and supposed the renegade to be sleeping on a similar one at the left; how he had silently drawn himself up, and fairly whispered in Blanche's ear, that friends were near; how she had started up, and almost involuntarily spoken the words which had aroused the renegade; how he, at the same time, had faintly whispered his own name, and then dropped quietly down on the ground by her side, ready to do the desperate act, should Hawley rouse up and attempt a search; how he had waited, in breathless silence, till long after their conversation had ceased—and, in fact, till he believed the renegade had again fallen asleep—before again venturing to address Blanche; how he had then, in a whisper, scarcely above the natural breath, communicated to her the fact of his being here with a party of friends, Eugene among the number, for the purpose of her deliverance, and that all she had to do was to cautiously grope her way to the door, and get clear of the lodge, without creating any alarm; and finally, how she had insisted upon his going first, saying that she would soon follow.

Scarcely had Seth Harper concluded his narration, when both suddenly became aware of a slight noise at the door, as if some one were gently trying to disengage the fastenings.

"Hush! it's the young lady herself!" whispered Seth. "Now jest you keep docile, Cap'n, and don't do nothing rash, and we'll all soon go cl'ar."

As he spoke, the boatman stooped down and drew out the knife by which he had secured the corner of the robe to the earth. As he did so, a stronger gust of wind than usual threw the skin back with a sharp flap; and there being also a strain upon it, from the party within trying to draw it back for egress, some fastening higher up gave way suddenly; and then, unfortunately, with several rapid flaps, it swayed inward, and permitted the rain to drive back to the very couch of Hawley himself; who started up, with a savage oath, and, as was rightly conjectured by the parties without, began to hurry to the door to close it against the storm.

There was not a moment now to be lost; and *Blanche Bertrand, springing through the opening,* was almost caught in the arms of Eugene Fairfax; who, as he began to hurry her away, fairly exclaimed, with a sad want of discretion:

"God bless you, Miss Blanche! I have you once again! I will save you yet!"

The words, though scarcely spoken aloud, seemed to be borne back to the ear of Hawley, who suddenly called out:

"Ha! who's thar? who goes thar?" and immediately added something in the Indian tongue, probably of the same import.

"Thar it is!" muttered Seth, grasping the arm of Blanche: "the sneaking hound noses us! Now, then, for one o' the runs!"

"Quick! quick!" returned Blanche, as she hurried forward with all her might, with Eugene supporting one arm and the boatman the other. "Let me not be taken again! at least alive!"

"Not while I live, Miss Blanche! not while I live! so help me Heaven!" was the earnest and anxious response of the excited young Virginian.

For a few moments—moments which were spent by our friends in a rapid flight through the village—nothing more was heard from the renegade; and then, as if he had suddenly made the discovery that Blanche had escaped, a loud, shrill alarm-whoop was given, and repeated in quick succession some half-a-dozen times, the sounds piercing far through the darkness and gloom, and distinctly reaching the remotest habitation of the town.

And then it was, almost instantly, there swelled out an answering cry, seemingly from every lodge, the combined noises apparently turning the late quiet place into a perfect Pandemonium.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

[Back numbers of the LEDGER containing this story, as far as published, can be obtained at any Periodical store in the country. *Even if the News-dealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

THE VAIL.

Well for us it is that we have bestowed upon us the power of shutting down the vail that comes between our souls and the soul of every other. "Men are all wild beasts, and would devour one another were it not for this protection."

There is not a person upon the face of the earth fit to have the *whole* confidence of any other person. There are none so true and noble that in some way, or at some time, they would not take undue advantage of such confidence. There is no one worthy to be trusted with *all* that the heart knows but the One who made the heart, and who fully understands, truly loves, and purely pities it.

Alas! for the brotherhood of man! Is it not pitiful that each one counts his fellow his enemy until he has long known and proved him? How each distrusts and misjudges each; how ready is the condemnation and the scandal; how common the cold shoulder, and the colder eye; how hard, how proud, how selfish we worms are with our fellow-worms. We sit side by side in the house of God even, and there is not one throb of love in our hearts for any except our own. What if the vail *were* to be suddenly raised, and each heart were to appear to each other heart just as it thought and felt? The assembly would blow up like a powder magazine. The sight would be unendurable. There is *one* relief in the thought of such a thing, namely, that while fearful revelations would be made of the mass who stand well in our esteem, there would shine out, like pure and holy stars, many overlooked and dispised hearts that are near and dear unto God, though neglected or abused by men.

A. H.

When the winds of applause blow fresh and strong, then steer with a steady hand.

A LOVER'S FANTASY.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Was it only a sweet fancy, born because my waking hours
Were so full of sunny memories that in Sleep's pleasant bowers
My day-dreams found an entrance, through a pathway formed of flowers?

Was it only a sweet fancy, that your head lay on my breast,
And I soothed you with sweet words till you gently sank to rest,
And in your sleep you whispered the name that you loved best?

You only named it once, beloved; you spoke it soft and low;
But deep into my very soul the simple word did go;
And from it there did spring a hope that only lovers know.

A hope that gilds the years to come as sunshine gilds the lea,
A hope that spans the future as the rainbow spans the sea,
And girdles all my waking hours with pleasant thoughts of thee.

Was it only a sweet fancy, floating downward in my dream?
Piloted by Promise upon Sleep's enchanted stream?
Or shall Love's star one day arise and shed on me its beam?

I will school my heart to patience, I will bide my time and fate;
Having learned the lesson how to love, I'll study how to wait
Until my feet shall pass with yours the happy Bridal Gate.

THE TRANSFORMED LOVER.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY AUGUSTA HERBERT.

Once upon a time, when, as yet, the sweet little fairies had not departed from the world, there lived beside a forest a most beautiful maiden. She lived entirely alone, for she was an orphan, with no relations on the earth, and she declared to every one who came and desired her to have some one to reside with her, in order that she might feel the genial influences of the family, that since the hand of fate had dispossessed her of her rightful and natural associates and protectors, she would never substitute others in their places. She laughed when people told her that her beauty was dangerous to her, and her wealth still more so. "I have a strong house," she said. "I have many servants. They are armed and they are brave. Never fear for me. No one shall ever harm or rob me. I am not afraid of all the robbers in the forest."

And so she dwelt alone, year after year.

"Why do you not marry?" asked the people who were always visiting the wealthy and hospitable maiden. "Then you would not need to have strangers for company. Surely you might choose one from among the countless swains who are so importunate for——"

"My gold," interrupted the maiden, with a smile.

"But have you no faith in the love of *any* of the youths who flock about you? Surely there must be some who are noble-hearted and sincere in their professions of love."

"But none of them are sufficiently handsome to please me," returned the vain girl. "I do not see among them all a single man who is so beautiful as I am myself; and until I find a suitor whose face and form are *perfect*, I shall never wed."

This saying was reported among the young men who had been paying court to Mabel—for so was the maiden called—and it produced a great sensation. Many of the more high-spirited youth retired in disgust from the lists, and many others slunk away disconcerted and discouraged. For not a man among them all presumed to question the truth of Mabel's assertion that she was more beautiful than any of their number.

Of those who truly loved the fair and proud young girl was a man a little past the flush and first bloom of his youth. He had the noblest and the deepest feeling heart that ever throbbed for love of her, and his passion was as deep-seated and as immortal as his own soul. When he heard of her haughty and vain determination, he sank at once into the most hopeless anguish of heart; for he knew then that all his fond dreams must utterly perish. He was so ill-favored that to strangers he looked positively hideous.

But he had learned by many lessons that to those who knew him well he was agreeable, and his great, overmastering love for Mabel had caused him to hope that he might, in time, become so to her. But now that delightful hope was swept violently away, and the strong man ran and hid him in the forest, where, bowing his head upon his hands, he loudly wept.

"What aileth thee, mortal, that thou wettest my dwelling-place with thy salt tears?" piped a silver voice close at hand.

Urgan lifted his head and stared in amazement upon the tiny, gossamer-clad figure that stood before him, playfully shaking from her garments sparkling gems, which she declared were Urgan's tears.

"What aileth thee?" again she asked.

The man could not recover himself sufficiently to speak. He had heard of the fairy folk, but had never believed in them. Seeing is believing; and now Urgan's flesh crept with a sensation of fear. But *why* fear?

"Thy tongue seems to be tied, and thy lips to be sealed, but thy heart is open to my gaze. I know all that grieves thee, and I know that thou deservest not this grief. That proud and vain Mabel needs a lesson, and she shall have it, and *thou* shalt have *her*. Dost hear, mortal? Mabel, the beautiful, shall surely be thine own, and of her own free choosing. Go and woo and win her. Go, go, go!" and as the little creature uttered these last three words, she struck Urgan three times with her shining wand of power, and then, with a merry laugh, she pointed him to a clear pool at a short distance, and clapping her rosy hands, she vanished. Then Urgan arose and walked as one in a dream to the silver pool. It was as clear and motionless as it could be, and mirrored perfectly the bushes and reeds that overhung it. Urgan gazed within, and then he started back astonished, to see who was the stranger, beautiful as the immortals, that had looked into his eyes from the reflecting water. No one was in sight, and again the bewildered man turned to the pool. Again flashed on his almost dazzled sight the wondrous vision, but where was the reflection of the ugly Urgan. Urgan lifted his hand to his face, a motion which the figure in the water imitated. Urgan shook his head, so did the figure.

"This is past all comprehension," cried Urgan, and the rosy mouth in the water seemed repeating the same words, though no sound came from it.

At last, after long astonishment, doubting and apprehension, our modest friend was obliged to believe that he really had been changed, by fairy power, to an appearance more charming and delightful than anything he had ever been able to imagine. As he went slowly through the process of self-examination, narrowly examining his features and limbs one by one, he fancied that from under the green knolls about him he heard small shouts of laughter, like the joyous ringing of tiny silver bells.

"If it be not all a dream," quoth Urgan, "my happiness is sure," and with a light heart and springing step he hastened over the mead to his home.

Mabel loved the shady forest, and she loved the singing stream; she was never weary of roaming out in the free air, waking the echoes by her resonant and thrillingly sweet voice, and seeking the fairest flowers of forest or of mead.

With her white fawn by her side, and her dove fluttering near or resting upon her shoulder, she would wander for miles away from her home. Having never met danger, she had no fear thereof, and so went, hour after hour, through strange and lonely places, without one thought of apprehension. Seldom did she meet any human being in her long rambles; but by the village folk and by her own servants, it was confidently affirmed that she had frequent meetings with brownies and fairies. But how should any one know of this, seeing she never uttered it?

But the truth must be told. Mabel *had* both seen and talked with the fairies, and that is not the worst of it. She had offended them by more than one exhibition of the great and most foolish vanity of her heart. It was fearful temerity on the part of Mabel to carry herself haughtily, because of her exceeding beauty, toward those who, by a single touch, could have deprived her of it forever. But vanity and pride are always blind with folly, and Mabel could not see her danger.

The little people, however, had much forbearance with her, for they perceived that under all her faults there was a deep well of gentle and faithful affection for whoever could touch it and bid its sweet waters overflow. They saw also many white-winged graces, sitting with bowed heads and folded wings in her young heart, and they knew that so soon as the froth of her life should be swept away, Mabel the beautiful would shine out as Mabel the pure and true. Therefore the fairies smote her not, as they otherwise might have done, but they prepared for her a different discipline.

* * * * *

"Oh! merry it is in the good greenwood,
Where the mavis and merle are singing,"

sang Mabel, springing gaily through the bushes to a sunny, open glade, where sweet wild roses grew, and where, almost every day of her life, she resorted. She paused in mute amaze, for there stood before her a being more radiant than any of the forms that people dreams. His form was the embodiment of manly grace, his features were absolutely perfect in form and expression. Such soft, warm color on cheek and lip, such dazzling light in his glorious eyes; and as at her sudden appearance he looked towards her and smiled, his face broke into lovely dimples, and the charm of his beauty was increased tenfold. This admirable stranger wore his waving auburn hair flowing down his shoulders, and his uncut beard, soft as the silk of corn, and gracefully curling, spread in rich magnificence over his breast. It did not bristle forward and cover his bewitching mouth, but parting on his upper lip, as the soft hair of a babe is parted on its tender brow, when the mother desires to set the seal of her kiss thereon, it swept about the curve of his arched lips, and thence downward over his chin. Not a dimple in his fair cheeks did that matchless beard conceal.

With his plumed cap in his hand the stranger stood and bowed; and as the sun-rays fell upon his burnished hair, illuminating still more vividly his transparent face, Mabel held out her hands as if to lay hold on and detain him; for she thought that it was an angel from the upper world that stood before her, and she wished to have his blessing ere he fled. The strange youth—if youth he was—who bore such marks of the sageness and maturity, though not of the care and weariness of middle life, seemed to divine the maiden's thoughts, and in a voice of music said:

"I am but a mortal man, sweet lady, and I implore thy pardon for the start which I have given thee. Farewell!" and instantly the man was gone.

Then how changed seemed that little glade. It was as if a dark cloud had eclipsed the sun. Mabel had never before been touched by the most impotent arrow of that cunning archer, whose mark is the heart of the world, and she did not suppose that she was now smitten; but she went to her house with a dull sense of loneliness, such as she never, till that hour, had felt.

How dreary it seemed to live alone; how still and solitary were all her parlors and her chambers, and how unsatisfying seemed the company of birds and beasts. She felt as if she would, the very next day, make arrangements to gather about her a household of genial and congenial people. Suddenly it had become insupportable to dwell alone and unloved. She thought over all her friends and acquaintances, trying to decide who she would like to receive as inmates of her home, and as her intimate companions. It was a far more difficult thing than she had supposed, to do this. One was too rude, another too quiet; one was meddlesome, and possessed of a dictatorial spirit, another was sickeningly obsequious; one was always talking, another never talked at all; one was a nervous fidget, another touchy and sulky—why, who *could* she have to come and live with her? She never knew before how few really agreeable people there were in the world. She really couldn't think of anybody at all to invite to her home. "Wasn't she expecting too much?" whispered some inner voice, considering that she was herself so imperfect. She started up at that, and began walking up and down the room. "Are you not altogether selfish?" said the voice; but this time it seemed outside of Mabel. "Is that the way any one *ought* to live? What is one good for who does live so? How will one answer for it? Is not God always working for the good of others? Has he not commanded every human being to try to become like Him? How much have *you* tried? What have you ever done but seek your own pleasure, and indulge your own vanity, and minister to your own tastes? Who has ever been the better for your life?"

This questioning went on until it set Mabel nearly wild. She could not discover whence the voice came, though in her efforts to do so she upset the whole chamber. She even tore apart her bed to see if any one was hiding there. But no one was to be found.

By-and-by Mabel began to answer the above questions, and the answers she found must every one be against herself.

"I'll do differently," resolved Mabel. "What if people *don't* exactly suit my fancy or my whims, is that any reason why I should despise and shun them? They may be a great deal better than I am, after all. I've done very wrong to live all these years only for my own pleasure. I mean to have that poor widow Maywood come here and bring all her little children. She is a good woman I'm sure; and it will be kindness well bestowed to help her, and cheer her hard fortunes. She shall come and live with me."

Mabel was prompt and efficient in action when she chose to act, and in a short time the astonished and overjoyed widow found herself and her six small children transported from her uncomfortable, leaky, scantily-furnished abode, where hunger and care had gnawed her very vitals, to the ample accommodations and plenteous fare of "The Woodlands," as Mabel styled her house. The children made a great noise sometimes, and Mabel's patience got ticklish. But she kept her temper down, and never allowed the widow to know that she felt in the least annoyed. Mrs. Maywood was very sensitive, and it was only by declaring that she really would be very much obliged to her if she would stay with her to keep off the vapors, and to help her to feel that she was not utterly alone in the world, that Mabel could have gained the widow's consent to remain long so dependent on a friend's bounty.

"We will have all this tribe of children away to school, dear madam, and then we two shall take solid comfort together."

The children were accordingly sent to a good school, and about the time that they returned Mabel generally went galloping off for a race on horseback.

Thus she one day was borne along, her hat hanging by its strings, and her long hair all unbound and floating backwards on the free wind. Suddenly her horse started one side, and she was thrown with some violence to the earth. She was instantly caught and lifted up; and when she had recovered a little from the fright she had received, she saw that she was supported by the stranger of the glade. That matchless form, and those features, really superhuman in their beauty, were beside her.

"Are you harmed?" asked the same musical voice, to which once before she had thrilled.

Mabel was faint and dizzy now. She knew not whether from her fall or from some other cause. The stranger was obliged to assist her to her house.

"I pray you forget us not, kind sir," said Mabel, when he left her after she had recovered from her misadventure. "We are oft lonely here, and would be glad to see you at any time when you could please us by a visit."

With many thanks, and with a flushed and burning cheek, the stranger bade adieu.

"We do not know, now, what name he bears," said Mabel. "I never thought to ask, nor he to tell it. But he is a true and noble man, I know, and I am glad that it was none else who was sent to aid me when Bruno threw me, yonder in the forest road." The stranger came again, and soon. He came often. He sued for the love of Mabel, and it was given—given freely, gladly, triumphantly, for the beautiful maiden gloried in showing to the little world that she had found and won the being whom she had long ago declared that she would wed, or die unmarried. She had a wicked joy in disproving the prophecies of some persons who had said that the haughty beauty would "go through the whole wood and take up a crooked stick at last."

The people were all astonished at the wonderful charm of the stranger's look and manner. They could but acknowledge, as they met his radiant gaze, and saw his ravishing smile, that he *did* possess beauty perfect as that of an angel. The marvel never ceased among the townspeople till the day of the wedding was over. No one could imagine who the stranger was nor whence he came. In midsummer the wedding arrived. The Woodlands was an arbor of flowers—flowers of the forest, flowers of the garden, flowers of the field, shed perfume throughout every hall and room. Mabel was as a fairy, mid the lovely scene; and when her lover came he was as Apollo.

The guests were all assembled. The priest was in his place; the happy and devoted pair were advancing to be made one forever, when lo! a miracle! In at the open window glided a golden car drawn by white swans, and draped with the gorgeous hues of sunrise. It passed before the bridal pair, and from it descended a tiny, airy form, clad in garments made of the leaves of flowers. The fairy, for such she was, said, in a voice of authority, although it was tuned to all chords of sweetness:

"Advance no further. Maiden, lovest thou this man, or art thou only charmed by his outward beauty?"

Mabel, amazed beyond measure at the scene before her, as well as at this singular question, made no reply until it was a second time repeated. Then she said, clinging to her lover's arm, and looking, almost with adoration, into his face:

"His outward beauty? Yea, I love that *well*, but I should love him as my own soul, had flesh and blood never been heard of. Under any circumstances, in any form, having once given to him my love, I should love him truly still."

"It is well *said*, maiden," replied the fairy. "Now *prove* thy truth," and with her wand she struck twice the stranger, and he, covering his face, sank to the floor.

The fairy then stepped lightly into her car, and was borne away. The guests at length recovered from their amazement sufficiently to assist the stranger, who appeared to be helpless and insensible, to a seat. What was their astonishment, when they had looked upon his now altered face, to discover that it was their old companion, Urgan, who was before them. He sat as they placed him, looking downcast, haggard and pale, the tears silently rolling down his now rough and uncomely cheeks. Not a glance did he cast towards Mabel. His expression and attitude were as despairing as those of "the man in the iron cage."

All this time Mabel had been a silent and horror-stricken observer of the events that were transpiring. Her feelings no words can describe. The world was there to see her mortification and punishment. It was indeed bitter. Should she drive them all forever from her sight, and shut herself away from human view? She was, for a moment, tempted thus to act, and first of all to thrust out Urgan. But she looked upon his voiceless wo, and the dropping of his silent tears echoed in her heart with a sound that shut out from her ears all actual noises. He was the man whom, in his joy and glory, she had loved unutterably; should she turn from him now, in his humiliation and despair? Forbid it love and faith; forbid it, sweet, sweet tenderness of woman. With a cry of mingled love and agony Mabel sprang forward, and threw herself upon her knees, with her arms about Urgan, and her head upon his breast.

"Thou art, in thy dear soul, my Urgan, my glorious lover still, and I love thee for thy *soul's sake*, even as when thou wert transfigured before me. I understand the lesson the fairies have taught me, and I will lay it to heart. I have deserved it, Urgan, but I will deserve it no more. Come, arise, the priest is wearied with long waiting. Let us linger no longer."

Hardly daring to believe that he was awake, Urgan arose, but he would not move towards the priest.

"Nay, fairest and best of women," he humbly said, "I will never take such foul advantage of thy nobleness of soul. I verily supposed that I was to *continue* as I appeared but now unto thee, and my mad love cheated me into believing that there was no need for me to tell thee that I was the once despised Urgan. Lo! I am punished, but I will not punish thee."

"But you *are* punishing me. Do you not believe that I tell the truth when I say that I no longer am the short-sighted and selfish being that I was before I knew you as the man who held my fate in his hands? I am changed, dear Urgan. To me you can never be other than attractive, until the spirit which I know is throbbing with true love to me is changed within you. Then indeed I shall be left desolate, for on the whole wide earth—I say it before men and angels—there is none that can comfort me, and naught that can give me joy, *if you forsake me*. Urgan, my beloved, my desire, will you refuse to take me for your wife?"

He could withstand her no longer, but, amid the tears and sobs of the whole company, and weeping, though joyfully, in spite of some still lingering doubts as to what he ought to do, the marriage ceremony was performed. As Mabel, at the close of the prayer, threw her arms about her husband's neck, and hid her face in his bosom, a gush of ravishing music filled the room. Sounds of a sweeter tone, harmonies more perfect and enchanting, had never before fallen upon the ears of those who then listened, entranced.

As Mabel, with a smile, lifted her head to listen, across her face swept a sweet, familiar touch—that silken beard which had so lately vanished, had it been *returned* to her husband? She looked up quickly, and clasped her hands with a cry of transport, and all present rejoiced with her, for to Urgan, her husband, was restored the magnificent beauty which from the nameless lover had been taken away.

THE SOURCE OF COMFORT.

When scorpion foes and fiends assail,
And hope and truth and mercy fail!
Nor earth nor ocean hath a lair,
Then high to heaven raise thy prayer.

THE BROTHERS.

AN ANECDOTE FROM THE GERMAN.

Two brothers, Barons of W——, were in love with a young and excellent lady, and neither was acquainted with the passion of the other. The affection of both was tender and vehement—it was their first; the maiden was beautiful, and formed of sensibility. They suffered their inclinations to increase to the utmost bounds, for the danger the most dreadful to their hearts was unknown to them, to have a brother for a rival. Each forbore an early explanation with the lady, and thus were both deceived; until an unexpected occurrence discovered the whole secret of their sentiments.

Their love had already risen to its utmost hight; that most unhappy passion, which has caused almost as cruel ravages as its dreadful counterpart, had taken such complete possession of their hearts, as to render a sacrifice on either side impossible. The fair one, full of commiseration for the unhappy situation of these two unfortunates, would not decide upon the exclusion of either, but submitted her own feelings to the decision of their brotherly love.

Conqueror in this doubtful strife, betwixt duty and sentiment, which our philosophers are always so ready to decide, but which the practical man undertakes so slowly, the elder brother said to the younger, "I know thou lovest the maiden as vehemently as myself. I will not ask for which of us a priority of right should determine. Do thou remain here, whilst I seek the wide world. I am willing to die, that I may forget her. If such be my fate, brother, then is she thine, and may Heaven bless thy love! Should I not meet with death, do thou set out, and follow my example."

He left Germany and hastened to Holland; but the form of his beloved still followed him. Far from the land which she inhabited, banished from the spot which contained the whole felicity of his heart, in which alone he was able to exist, the unhappy youth sickened—as the plant withers which is ravished from its maternal bed in Asia by the powerful European, and forced from its more clement sun into a remote and rougher soil. He reached Amsterdam in a desponding condition, where he fell ill of a violent and dangerous fever. The form of her he loved predominated in his frantic dreams; his health depended on her possession. The physicians were in doubt of his life, and nothing but the assurance of being restored again to her, rescued him from the arms of death. He arrived in his native city changed to a skeleton, the most dreadful image of consuming grief, and with tottering steps reached the door of his beloved—of his brother.

"Brother, behold me once again. Heaven knows how I have striven to subdue the emotions of my heart. I can do no more."

He sank senseless into the lady's arms.

The younger brother was no less determined. In a few weeks he was ready to set out.

"Brother, thou carriedst thy grief with thee to Holland. I will endeavor to bear mine farther. Lead not the maiden to the altar till I write to thee. Fraternal love alone permits such a stipulation. Should I be more fortunate than thou wert, in the name of God, let her be thine, and may Heaven prosper thy union. Should I not, may the Almighty in that case judge further between us! Farewell; take this sealed packet; do not open it till I am far from hence. I am going to Batavia."

He then sprung into the coach. The other remained motionless, and absorbed in grief, for his brother had surpassed him in generosity. Love, at the same time, the sorrow at losing such a man, rushed forcibly upon his mind. The noise of the flying vehicle pierced him to the heart—his life was feared. The lady—but no! of her I must not yet speak.

The packet was opened. It contained a complete assignment of all his German possessions to his brother, in the event of fortune being favorable to the fugitive in Batavia. The latter, subduer of himself, sailed with some Dutch merchants, and arrived safely at that place. A few weeks after, he sent his brother the following lines:—

"Here, where I return thanks to the Almighty—here, in another world, do I think of thee, and of our loves, with all the joy of a martyr. New scenes and events have expanded my soul, and God has given me strength to offer the greatest sacrifice to friendship—the maiden—God! here a tear doth fall—the last—I have conquered—the maiden is thine. Brother, it was not ordained that I should possess her; that is, she would not have been happy with me. If the thought should ever come to her that she would have been—Brother! brother! with difficulty do I tear her from my soul. Do not forget how hard the attainment of her has been to thee. Treat her always as the youthful passion at present teaches thee. Treat her always as the dear legacy of a brother, whom thy arms will never more enfold. Farewell! Do not write to me when thou celebratest thy marriage—my wounds still bleed. Write to me that thou art happy. My deed is a surety to me that God will not forsake me in a foreign world."

The nuptials were celebrated. The most felicitous of marriages lasted a year. At the end of that period the lady died. In her expiring moments, she acknowledged to her most intimate friend the unhappy secret of her bosom—the exiled brother she had loved the strongest.

Both brothers still live. The elder upon his estates in Germany, where he has married again. The younger remains in Batavia, and has become a fortunate and shining character. He made a vow never to marry, and has kept it.

WINDOW GARDENING.

There is nothing more beautiful or purifying to the moral nature as the culture of plants and flowers, window-plants particularly. We love to see them in the window of the artizan, or the little casement of the laborer, for we are sure that the sight of them cheers and makes pleasant his daily toil, and that bright eyes and kind hearts are watching their growth. Window gardening, then, we love, for we know it is a source of pleasure and delight to thousands, and we are lovers of our kind. Birds and flowers we love passionately—for we are enthusiastic and can seldom praise coldly what we love warmly; but for our own part, we have no pets. Wandering often in garden or shady grove, the sweet lay of the wild songsters of the wood thrill to our hearts and soothe our minds without disturbing that flow of vague dreamy reverie we are prone to. Alas! so much so, that if we had pets we fear that we should forget to feed and tend them, and should awaken from our dreams to find our poor favorites dead—cold victims to our barbarous forgetfulness. Flowers—those

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew—
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—
Our own blue bell—the daisy that doth rise
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow,
And thousands more of blessed forms and dyes—
I love ye all.

We prefer those exquisite productions of the Master Hand (the wild children of the woods and glens), yet we love at early morn to walk through beds of blossoming flowers—to bury our face in their dewy petals, and inhale their perfumed odors. Most refreshing to our eye, most grateful to our heart to gaze upon those rich blossoms of the parterre, to note their countless varieties and unnumbered shades of beauty, to mark their brilliant hues and evanescent splendor, to receive as an almoner their wealth of glory and magnificence.

C. B.

THE SABBATH A DAY OF JOY

We have the authority of one of the most eminent physiologists in the world—Professor Miller, of the University of Edinburgh—for saying, that the more the physiologist advances in the exact knowledge of his science, the more will he be convinced that the physiology of the Sabbath, as contained in the Scriptures, is not only true, but imbedded there; and embodied in corresponding enactments, alike in wisdom and in mercy. And the more faithfully man observes the Sabbath according to God's law, the purer pleasure and the higher happiness will be his. Let him *walk* on the Sabbath; but let it be Enoch-like, with God, whether the sanctuary be roofed by mortal hand, or canopied by the spacious firmament. Let him *read* on the Sabbath; but let it be of God and godliness. Let him *talk* on the Sabbath; but let his conversation be as "becometh the Gospel of Christ." Let him eat on the Sabbath; but while the sustenance of the body is not neglected, let his soul's feeding be upon the "bread of life." Let him drink on the Sabbath; but let it be of the "water of life," and that "freely."

Let him *sing*—aye, let him sing—for the Sabbath is no day of sadness; the sanctuary is no place of gloom; religion is no creed of melancholy. The Sabbath, commemorative of creation, deliverance from bondage, and redemption, is no day of sorrow. It is a day of song. It is a day to be merry. *It is a true* Christmas; and "he that is merry let him sing psalms." The Sabbath was *made for* man, and let him sing on that day, but let his song be "one of the songs of Zion."

CHANGES IN LIFE.

Our first era of life is under the influence of the primitive feelings: we are pleased, and we laugh; hurt, and we weep; we vent our little passions the moment they are excited; and so much of novelty have we to perceive that we have little leisure to reflect. By-and-by fear teaches us to restrain our feelings: when displeased we seek to revenge the displeasure, and are punished: we find the excess of our joy, our sorrow, our anger alike considered criminal, and chidden into restraint. From harshness we become acquainted with deceit: the promise made is not fulfilled, the threat not executed, the fear falsely excited, and the hope willfully disappointed: we are surrounded by a systematized delusion, and we imbibe the contagion. From being forced into concealing the thoughts which we do conceive, we begin to affect those which we do not: so eagerly do we learn the two main tasks of life, to suppress and to feign, that our memory will not carry us beyond that period of artifice to a state of nature when the twin principles of veracity and belief were so strong as to lead the philosophers of a modern school into the error of terming them innate.

TALKING AND ACTING.

Some people are forever talking about duty, and kindness, and generosity, and doing good. To hear them, one would suppose that *there* was the place to run, if you found yourself in any trouble. But just try it, that's all; and if you don't have to run away quicker than you approached you'll be fortunate. The generous and warm-hearted person will not push you off from him with his hands, perhaps, but ten to one he will do it by that subtle repulsion that is more effectual than hands. He will not say anything uncivil, nor do anything harsh; but you will find him cold and impracticable.

Of course, there are honorable exceptions to this rule, and there are exceptions in the conduct of the most repulsive advocate of love and kindness, but *generally*, you will find that those who make the most fuss about these things, are the persons who least exercise them, unless it is for effect, or to make a great sensation.

SINGING AT WORK.

Give us, O give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness—altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine—graceful from very gladness—beautiful because bright.

SINCERITY OF CHILDHOOD.

The sincerity of childhood is occasionally very inconvenient; and let that person be quite sure that he has nothing remarkably odd, ugly, or disagreeable about his appearance, who ventures to ask a child what it thinks of him. Amidst the frowns and blushes of the family, amidst a thousand efforts to prevent or drown the answer—truth, in all the horrors of nakedness, will generally appear in the surprised assembly.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE LION RAMPANT.

John Bull's cruisers have raised a mutiny among our skippers in the Gulf of Mexico—if all reports are true. Many of the reports, we doubt not, are more than true—they are exaggerated. We do not believe, whatever may have been done by some hot-headed British commander, that the British Government is privy to, or desires, or will for a moment tolerate, any act on the part of her navy calculated to embroil the two countries. There is everything in the conduct and speech of England to indicate that she wishes sincerely to be at peace with us. Some of her captains may have outstripped the bounds of propriety—may have been arrogant and even abusive—if so, she will properly reprove them. We are entirely confident on this point. It is pure absurdity to suppose England anxious or willing to provoke a war with us, and least of all on the sea—though that be her favorite element. The time is quite past, even were her temper never so bad, when England could make good her old boast, "Britannia rules the deep," or when she could expect old-time laurels for that flag which one of her poets says,

"For a thousand years
Has braved the battle and the breeze."

We believe it essential to the safety of commerce, the peace of the world, and the progress of civilization, that the seamen of all Christian states should have the privilege, prudently and civilly exercised, of overhauling suspicious craft. Else we may as well up with the motto, "Let piracy flourish."

We are just as hostile as any man can be to British or other insolence, on sea or land, and will go as far as the next man to resent it, but we think this subject has another than the "bunkum" side. Politicians and the Administration may be glad of a chance to raise a dust of war excitement to cover their sins and shortcomings, and it may be very well to let off a degree of editorial steam about "more outrages" and "another outrage" by that old British lion, but we have no idea that this country is going to have any war, or chance for war, with England. That old lion is not as rampant as of yore, and he has not sufficiently forgotten the two floggings we gave him, to shake his mane or roar at us in earnest. In fact, toward us he will "roar as gently as a sucking dove."

CRIMINAL CARELESSNESS.

The United States is notorious for the number and appalling magnitude of its railroad and steamboat disasters. Our captains, engineers, conductors and their subordinates are proverbial for their recklessness and utter disregard of human life. They are generally believed to be as careless of the comfort and even the lives of passengers as their employers, the directors and superintendents, are of the property of the stockholders and the interests of the public. From both parties the people have suffered long and grievously. They have been swindled of their money by millions to build vessels that are ready-made to be burned up or go to the bottom, and to build railroads that lead nowhere and yield nothing. The success of the projectors and managers of these concerns emboldens their servants to trifle with the property, convenience and lives of passengers, so that no more attention is paid to a man or woman than to a bale of drygoods or a barrel of pork. Laws should be enacted in every State prohibiting, under the severest penalties, the employment of incompetent, vicious, blundering, drunken men, on any of the conveyances or railroads within their jurisdiction. This strikes us as the only method of remedying the evil.

"MERE LABORING MEN."

A politician, in a recent speech delivered in Washington, sneeringly referred to the great mass of the voters in this country as "mere laboring men," and said that "a *gentleman* could very well afford to do without their suffrages." Mere laboring men! Truly, we are fallen upon strange times, when such language can be indulged in without reproof. It is to "laboring men" that the world owes all its progress, the earth its culture, society its comforts, and cities their glories of architecture and wealth of art. Franklin was a laboring man; Fulton was a laboring man; General Greene was a laboring man; and hundreds of others we might name, who have shed luster upon learning and glory upon the country.

A NEW STORY BY MR. COBB.—We shall soon commence the publication of a new story by SYLVANUS COBB, Jr. It is a tale of the sea—(a department in which Mr. Cobb peculiarly excels, and in which he always wins new triumphs)—and is written in Mr. C.'s happiest vein. It abounds in the most captivating scenes and stirring incidents; and cannot fail to afford an unusually rare treat to his numerous admirers.

THE TRUE SOCIAL GERM.

The fact that the family is the true germ of society—the latter, with its various ramifications, growing as a great tree, and spreading itself heavenward and horizonward, after the manner of the great Gigantea Americus towering above the very peaks of the Nevadas—contains a lesson which cannot be too often or too carefully pondered by all who have anything to do with the progress of society, through government or otherwise. And who has *not* more or less to do in this direction? No one in this country, where every adult male citizen is supposed, according to our theory, to have a "say" in state affairs.

In this view of the social order—which we believe to be divine—we ask what are legislative enactments but expressions of the wants and wishes of society through the regularly appointed form of enunciation? Once put in due form, and having received the Executive sanction, these become what we are in the habit of denominating "laws." These are but another name for rules. Some of them are arbitrary. Some of them are natural—as natural as the law of spontaneity in the expansion of the germ referred to, into the tree. And this latter characteristic would be that of all "laws," did they follow the divine order of society.

Now, here is the pith of what we want to impress: the necessity of the laws of the State and the rules and customs of society (call them what we may) conforming to the natural order of their germination from the starting point of the family—the sacred family—the monogamic family, into which no new-fangled doctrines should ever be suffered to creep, as the serpent crept into Eden to blight the primal germ—the family managed upon Christian principles, and where harmony reigns as a sure result!

With society organized upon this heaven-approved basis, we might afford to pass over all the definitions which the regular legal writers, from Blackstone down, have given us of law, and pronounce it, in the sententious language of the author of "The Sublime and the Beautiful," nothing short of "*beneficence acting by rule.*" And then we, verily, should have a glorious social outgrowth from the true germ.

SURETISHIP.

It would sound heretical in this commercial age to write against suretiship. We pretend not to condemn it utterly. To avoid it altogether, presupposes rather more than many very worthy people can practice amid the well-nigh inexorable business customs of the present "fast" age. But yet it has become an evil of the times, which is an offshoot of the "credit system," whatever the good growths thereof may be admitted to be; and in view of this fact, we will offer a word of caution touching it.

It was one of the sayings of Chilo—one of the seven wise men of Greece, and the one to whom is attributed the maxim, "Know thyself"—"*Suretiship, and then destruction.*" And who doubts that it *has* been the cause of the "destruction" of many a business man?—to say nothing of its consequences to his family.

But we need not resort to the uninspired sages of antiquity for support of our position. In the Proverbs of Solomon we read the emphatic declaration that "he that hateth suretiship is sure."

For ourself, we would rather lend our money, any time, than our name. If the former is lost, there is the end of it, and the worst. If the latter, we are liable to be called on for the payment of another's debt, when least prepared for it. *It is here the gist of the evil lies.* To pay another man's debts—perhaps to be sued for them, and sold out by the sheriff—is always a peculiar hardship. There are few persons whose magnanimity or equanimity is equal to the trial. Hence the frequent evasions of such secondary indebtedness, sought through abused bankrupt laws, fraudulent conveyances, and the like. And these, as among the evils of suretiship, if all named, would roll up a catalogue amply sufficient to warn against its spider-web-like temptations and toils.

"OHNE HAST, OHNE RAST."

This was the favorite motto of the great German poet, Gœthe—"without haste, without rest." Could there be a better motto? It embodies the true idea of human life. According to its suggestion, we should never be in a hurry to assume the responsibilties of life, and, when they are assumed, we should never rest from our labors till our whole duty is performed.

This German motto, "Ohne hast, ohne rast," has its synonyms among the maxims of our own people, such as "the more hurry, the less speed," and "slow, but sure." It inculcates evenness of thought and steadiness of purpose. It condemns the doing of things by fits and starts. It represents the temper of the reliable man—one who accomplishes whatever he undertakes, and inspires his associates and those relying upon him, with confidence. It is, in fine, an embodiment of our highest ideas of human greatness, which are expressed by the words, "patience and courage"—patience to await the indications of our duty—courage to do it, when the time for action comes, and that right thoroughly and cheerfully, instead of negligently and moodily! One of our own poets has sung—

"Life is solemn, life is earnest,"

and verily it is so. It is full of work worthy of the noblest souls—work which permits of neither haste nor rest. "Onward, but steady"—"without haste, without rest"—these are the conditions which ever providentially accompany the true man's life, whatever may be his sphere of activity!

HOW HE WAS FLEECED.

An elderly gentleman named Harmer, from the neighborhood of Vidalia, (La.,) who was wholly unacquainted with the "games" practised in great cities, was accosted, a few evenings since, while walking in Broadway, by a couple of respectable-looking women, who told him they had been turned out of doors by their drunken husbands, and had not tasted food all that day. The good-hearted old man at once invited them to step into a saloon and get something to eat, which they did—refreshing themselves bountifully at his expense. He then offered to attend them to the house of a friend where they said they hoped to get lodgings for the night; but on the way thither, as they were passing along a dark and narrow street, a couple of men suddenly rushed upon him, and demanded what he was doing with their wives. One of the men seized him by the throat and shook him, while the other, after giving him a few shakes and slaps, ran off, as he said, to call the police; the women meanwhile clinging to him as if to protect him from violence. In a short time the other "outraged husband" left, and the women then hurried Mr. Harmer off, until they came to another street, when they told him they could go the rest of the way alone, and he went back to his hotel, where he discovered that his watch and pocketbook were both gone; and he at once made a vow never to believe the story of strange women again, told to him in Broadway beneath the light of a gas lamp.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

WHAT SORT OF OLD MAID I SHOULD BE.

Do you suppose that the woman ever lived who would *prefer* single to married life had she ever met with a man whom she could really love? I have seen cold, proud, intellectual women, *apparently* self-poised and self-sustained, gliding like the moon on her solitary path alone, diffusing light, perhaps, but no warmth; to the superficial observer looking as carelessly down upon joy as upon sorrow; but no power on earth could persuade me, that beneath that smooth ice there smouldered no volcano; no reasoning persuade me that those fingers would not rather have been twisting a baby's soft curls, than turning the leaves of musty folios; no negative shake of the head, or forced laugh prevent my eyes from following with sorrowful looks the woman who was trying to make herself believe such a lie. Let her pile her books shelf upon shelf, and scribble till her pen, ink, paper, thoughts, eyes and candle give out;—and then let her turn round and face her woman's heart if she dare! I defy her to stop long enough to listen one half hour to its pleadings. I defy her to sit down in the still moonlight and look on, while old memories in mournful procession defile before her soul's mirror, without a smothered cry of anguish. I defy her to listen to the brook's ripple, the whispered leaf-music, or to look at the soft clouds, the quiet stars, the blossoming flowers, the little pairing birds as they build their nests—and above all, upon a mother with her babe's arms about her neck—without turning soul-sick away. She is *not* a woman if she can do otherwise. She is not a woman if she can be satisfied with clasping her own arms over a waist which belongs to nobody but herself. I declare her to be a machine—a stick—and carved in straight instead of undulating lines at that; she's an icicle—an ossification—a petrifaction—an abortion—a monster—let her keep her stony eyes and cold fingers off me; she has no place in this living, breathing, panting, loving world. Out upon her for a walking mummy—leave her to her hieroglyphics, which I thank goodness are beyond my understanding.

Pshaw—there are no such women; they are only making the best of what they can't help; they are eating their own hearts out and making no sign in dying. They ought all to be wives and mothers. Cats, poodle-dogs, parrots—plants, canaries and vestry meetings—are nothing to it. No woman ever has the faintest glimpse into heaven till she has nursed her own baby; in fact, I half doubt if she has earned a right to go there till she has legitimately had one.

Now were I an old maid—had no man had sense enough to endow me with the names of wife and mother, I would not go round the world whining about it, either in prose or verse, any more than I would affect a stoicism, transparent to every beholder; I would just adopt the first fat baby I could find, though I had to work my fingers to the bone to keep its little mouth filled. I *would* have some motive to live—something to work for—something, in flesh and blood, whose soul I could call my own:—some little live, warm thing to put my cheek against when my heart ached. Unprotected—a "little child" with its pure presence, should be my protection. I *wouldn't* dry up and blow off like a useless leaf, with the warm, fragrant sunshine and blue sky about me, and my heart beating against my breast like a trip-hammer. My little room *shouldn't* be cheerless and voiceless. I *wouldn't* die till some little voice had called me "mother," though my blood did not flow in its rosy veins. I *would* have something to make sunshine in my heart and home; my nature shouldn't be like a tree growing close to a stone wall, only one half of which had chance to develop, only one half of which caught the air and light and sunshine—no, I would tear myself up by the roots, and turn round and re-plant myself. *Some* bird should come, make its home with me, and sing for me; else what use were my sheltering leaves? Better the lightning should strike me, or the woodman's axe cut me down. FANNY FERN.

A MORMON HEGIRA.

Whither shall the Mormons go? is becoming the question of the day. They are likely to succumb in Utah, but will never remain there subordinate. Their thirst will be for "fresh fields and pastures new." Since migrate they must and will, let them be encouraged to clear out beyond the pale and jurisdiction of Christendom. A morning paper suggests the great Island of Papua, an empire of waste place, in the Indo-Chinese seas, as a fit goal to their wanderings. There they would be isolate from Christian and decent States. There they would have range for all their industry and their wildest desires. There they might build temples to the sun and deify polygamy, with none to molest or make them afraid. There they might build up a trade and commerce destructive to Malayan piracy and Dutch domineering, and beneficial to the whole world. It is believed that, were they suitably encouraged by our Government—its cheapest course—they would go to "Land's End" in any corner of the earth. They appear to be sincerely desirous of fleeing the region of decent, God-regarding white men. By all means let their hegira be encouraged. Let them go, and help them off. Get them clear of the continent—the hemisphere. They are a nuisance in our midst, social, political and religious. Better spend ten millions in shipping them, than five times that sum in flogging them into a worse temper and no better behavior. Clear the Mormons from Utah, and we should have a respectable State there within five or ten years.

THE WAR ON THE SWINDLERS.

Sergeant Berney, under the orders of Mayor Tieman, recently made a raid into the "lottery county" of New Hampshire, known in geographies as the county of Rockingham, within the borders of which about a dozen bogus lottery, gift enterprise, and other swindles, have within a few years concentrated. All of these vile dens were broken up, many of the proprietors were arrested, and the others ran away. On every "circular" issued by these swindlers is a long argument, setting forth the innocence and beneficence of lotteries, gift enterprises, &c., &c. Certificates of good character are also published, and every possible means which insatiable avarice and unprincipled cunning can devise, are resorted to for engaging the confidence of the unsophisticated. Let our readers, far and near, beware of whatever has the taint of the "gift" swindle upon it. This is the only safe way. It is the plan which we are authorized to say Mayor Tieman himself approves and recommends.

LIKE those who walk upon a line, if we keep our eye fixed upon one point, we may step forward securely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly glance on either side will infallibly destroy us.

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

This is a world of toil. It is by the sweat of the brow that we eat our daily bread. Whatever the state of the world might have been without sin, and whatever may be true of the few who live in ease and luxury, the necessity of incessant labor is imposed on the race. Whether with the hands or the brain, we must work, or starve.

But the frame is so constituted that it can only endure a given amount of labor. It must have the daily refreshment of sleep. And even that is not enough, as all experience of man and beast proves. Experience, too, has demonstrated that one-seventh part is the just proportion of time for rest.

France tried the experiment, in 1793, of resting one day in ten, but it did not succeed. A French writer says of it, "We know now by experience that the fifth day is too near, and the tenth day a day too remote for rest. Terror, which affected everything in France, was never able to force the peasant to fulfill the decade, because there was a want of power in human strength to do it; and also, as has been observed, in the strength of animals. The ox was unable to labor nine days successively. At the end of the sixth day his lowings seemed to demand the hours appointed by the Creator for the general rest of the creature."

"But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, SABBATH! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the ground
Both seat and board; screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat, by neighboring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heart-felt joy
Of giving thanks to God."

Yes, and we wish to show that among his causes for "giving thanks to God," the laboring man—every man—and especially the poor man, should thank Him for the Christian Sabbath.

It gives him a *period of rest*. Physicians are agreed in the belief that men who labor seven days in a week are less healthy, and die sooner than those who work but six, and rest one. "I have a firm belief," says Dr. Warren, of Boston, "that men are able to do more work, and to do it in a better manner, in six days, than if they worked the whole seven." But what security would there be for this boon to the laborer, if the Sabbath were not fenced around by human and divine laws? How long before selfishness would rob the poor man of his right, if it were not protected by the most solemn sanctions? Thus, every enemy of the Sabbath, and of Sabbath laws, is the enemy of the poor man, and if he could have his own way he would remove the barrier which secures a day of rest every week to white and black, bond and free. "Let no such man be trusted."

The Sabbath is the laboring man's friend, because *it brings him a day of rest at the expense of the employer*. The price of labor is graduated in Christian lands on the earnings of six days in a week, and the wants of seven. If all were to work seven days in a week, the price of labor would be diminished one-seventh. In France, before the year 1789, when the Sabbath was universally observed as a day of rest, wages were higher than they have ever been since. But if the laboring man employs the Sabbath hours for amusement, and compels others to work on steamboat or railroad excursions, or in taverns and tea-gardens for his pleasure, he yields his own right, and the pleasure, profit, or convenience of employers may determine when he shall give it up. You *cannot have public amusements on Sunday* without making somebody work to provide them, and somebody may take advantage of your necessities to rob you of your day of rest. Nor can the benefits of the Sabbath be enjoyed and perpetuated without recognizing its duties. The conviction that God claims one day in seven for Himself, and that it is man's duty to appropriate it to Him, and with that view to rest from his ordinary labors, is, in truth, the only barrier which can resist the encroachments of human selfishness, ever anxious to seize upon this valuable property for its own purpose.

It is the poor man's friend, because it affords him time for mental and moral improvement, and for domestic duties and enjoyments. Men would fall into barbarism and ignorance, if they were left to delve at their worldly employments without intermission. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," has passed into a proverb; but what sort of a man would "Jack" become if it were "all work" for 365 days of the year, and no rest, no reading, no thinking, no praying, no preaching, none of the elevating, ennobling influences of the home, and the church, and the Sabbath? The mind, the soul, of the poor man is worth more than worlds. God made the Sabbath for man, body and soul, to fit the one for toil and the other for Heaven. He instituted the family, too, and gave the Sabbath to regulate it. He has furnished the Bible to instruct it. But how can the laboring man perform his duties to his family, or study and understand, that he may teach, the principles of morality and religion contained in the Scriptures, or make the most of home blessings, if he regard not the Sabbath?

SUBORDINATION.

Youth is always restive under restraint. And yet restraint is indispensable to the welfare of the young. No young man or young woman would be safe without it. Certainly not in the present state of society—and we have neither time, space, nor patience for mere speculation as to "the new order of things" of which we hear so much prophetic prating.

The child needs to be subordinated to its parents, the pupil to his teachers, the apprentice to his master. This is the order of nature, and therefore divine. These youthful subordinates must take the word of their elders in years and superiors in knowledge, until they are prepared to judge for themselves. They must take *some* things on faith, till that period of their experience shall have arrived.

On the training of the young, according to the rule on which we are insisting, depends much of their future usefulness. They must be taught the very *habit of subordination* in early life. Only thus may they be fitted for their duties to the state or to society.

The Lacedemonians seem to have appreciated the value of subordination in a peculiar degree. Their public officials, known as the Ephori, even submitted to having their beards shaved, as is now practiced upon convicts only, in order to signify that they were fully prepared for submission to the laws of their country.

But we need not go so far for a lesson of subordination. The tiny and unpretending honey-bee furnishes it to perfection. Behold the pattern set in the hive. It is one which we humans may study with profit. There is no disputing about what is to be done, or how to do it best. Nor are there any of those petty struggles for leadership, which constitute the vice of would-be great men, and such a crying evil of our times. We commend the picture to the young.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

DEATH is but the sleeping partner of life—a change of existence. This great and insolvable mystery, which we are flying from and running toward, is by no means the terrible thing that our fancies generally represent it. To live is in fact to die, and to die is to live; for the body is the grave of the soul, and death the gate of life. If to expire is an evil, it is only a negative one, since it terminates those that are positive. If it is a rod, it is like that of Aaron; it blossoms and bears the fruit of peace. Why should a long sleep be less pleasant than a short one? Post-natal cannot differ from ante-natal unconsciousness; we were dead before we lived; ceasing to exist is only returning to our former state, speaking always with reference to this world.

A PRODIGAL starts with fifty thousand dollars, and dies with nothing. A miser starts with nothing, and dies worth fifty thousand. Which has the best of it? We should presume the prodigal; he has spent a fortune—the miser has only left one; he has lived rich to die poor; the miser has lived poor to die rich; and, if the prodigal quits life in debt to others, the miser quits it still deeper in debt to himself.

LAST Thursday, an exceedingly beautiful young lady of Mississippi shot her pretended lover for slandering her, knocking of a pretty large piece of his jaw. He will probably wag his jaw, what is left of it, a little more prudently hereafter. When very angry, he may give people a piece of his jaw, but that's all he has to give.

DINNER is now a meal taken at supper-time. Formerly it was considered a means of enjoying society, and therefore was moderate in expense and frequent in occurrence; now it is given to display yourself, not to gratify your friends, and is inhospitably rare because foolishly extravagant.

A MODERN writer of very considerable reputation says, that the character of the flesh of every animal depends entirely upon what he eats. We don't believe a word of that. King Nebuchadnezzar "ate grass like an ox," but we have no idea that any butcher in Babylon could have sold him as good beef.

MEN often see just what their own fancies picture. A German writer sees in the blessed stars "coffin-nails in the black cloth of night," while another morosely calls them "the shining leprosy of heaven."

WHEN the memories of objects, long unseen, are thrown upon our path, it betokens the approach of life's evening, for, the larger the shadows, the nearer is the sun to its setting.

NOTHING is so difficult as the apparent ease of a clear and glowing style. Those graces, which, from their presumed facility, encourage all to attempt an imitation of them, are usually the most inimitable.

THERE are a hundred political questions which, we presume, will be settled just about as soon as the long-standing dispute between the katy-dids and the katy-didn'ts.

IT is dangerous to take liberties with great men, unless we know them thoroughly. The keeper will hardly put his head into the lion's mouth upon a *short* acquaintance.

IN Wisconsin, on the 15th of May, the functionaries of the land-office beat off a dozen ruffianly assailants. That was doing "*a land-office business.*"

THE oracles of old were uttered from Dodana's wood. It does not follow, however, that every utterance from a wooden head is oracular.

TO MAKE a pretty girl's cheeks red, pay her a sweet compliment. To redden those of an impudent man, slap them.

A POWER above all human responsibility ought to be above all human attainment. He that is unwilling *may* do harm, but he that is unable *can't*.

IT is said that a bachelor grows old faster than a married man, but that the latter's hair very often comes out soonest. What is the philosophy of this?

DESPOTISM can no more exist in a nation until the liberty of the press is destroyed than the night can happen before the sun is set.

SOME say, speak your mind upon all occasions. We think a far better rule would be to speak it only when it is worth speaking.

SOMEBODY says that the oldest husbandry he knows of is the marrying of a widower in clover with a woman in weeds.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us why a certain kind of tree is called the "pig-walnut." We suppose because it takes a deep *root*.

IT may seem a little remarkable that, in these days, the greatest part of the white-washing is done with *ink*.

WE are told that, in New York city, the common bats fly only at twilight. Brick-bats, however, fly at all hours.

A BANK and a jail were broken in Tennessee last week—the former by outsiders, and the latter by insiders.

MANY a mind is dead to effort, and its epitaph can be written in three words—helped to death.

THAT virtue which depends on opinion looks to secrecy alone. We couldn't trust it in a desert.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A NOTED brigand who had long infested the country near the village of Brunette, in the province of Madrid, in Spain, attempted to surprise the wife of a gamekeeper who was known to have money, while her husband was absent, but a couple of little children, that were playing in front of the house, saw him approaching, and gave the alarm. The woman at once shut and fastened the door. The brigand, unable to force an entrance, caught up the youngest of the children—a little girl three year's old—and dashed its brains out against the door. The mother, rendered frantic by this horrid act, seized a pistol, rushed out, and shot the robber dead.

AN alligator having been discovered, a short time since, "up a creek" that flows into the Mississippi, a party of adventurous young men set out in a small boat to hunt him down. On coming in sight of him, they got into such confusion that the boat upset in shallow water, and the alligator made a dash at them. But quick as lightning one of the party, who had "kept his powder dry," fired at the monster's left eye, and the ball penetrating deep into the brain, killed him dead on the spot.

A POOR girl, some fifteen years of age, who had been apprenticed to a "lady" of this city, recently made complaint, before one of our magistrates, against her mistress for ill-treatment; and on the trial, it was shown that the inhuman woman had been in the habit of beating the girl with large cudgels, of dragging her about by the hair of the head, and of kicking and stamping upon her. The poor orphan was rescued from the clutches of this virago, and sent to an asylum.

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, of Minnesota, was recently attacked by a large brown bear, as he was chopping wood, about half a mile from his house. He hit the bear with the ax on the right fore leg, and disabled her somewhat, and then cut open her side, and at last split her skull. She was apparently nearly starved, which accounted for her boldness in making the attack.

IN the recent trial of a law-suit in Madison, (Wis.,) a lawyer objected to one of the jurymen, because the latter said that if the law of the State was opposed to the law of God, he should feel obliged to obey the latter; but the presiding judge overruled the objection on the ground that it was not to be presumed that the laws of the State were in conflict with the laws of God.

THE Paterson Guardian states that while taking down the chimney of a stone house at Whitehall, in Pompton valley, N. J., the other day, the wife of John I. Doremus found in the rubbish which had been thrown out, the sum of $375, all in silver, which is supposed to have been placed there during the Revolution.

THE oldest woman alive is living in the town of Blooming-Grove, Orange County, N. Y. Her name is Diana Brooks. She is *one hundred and fourteen years* old, and yet is intelligent and active, and walks half a mile to church every Sabbath. She was thirty-two years old when the Declaration of Independence was made!

THE New York Picayune is improving rapidly of late, and is increasing in circulation. It contains more really good things—in a funny way—than the celebrated London Punch.

THE Mormons are discussing the feasibleness of their going to the island of Papua, in the Indian Ocean, where they can act as outrageously as they please without being called to an account by anybody.

THE new "gold-diggings" in Oregon are said to be turning out richer than any of those in California. We would, however, caution young men from rushing off thither too hastily. All these reports may turn out false.

THE Sioux and Chippewa Indians are doing a good work for the white settlers of Minnesota, by waging a war of extermination upon each other.

OH, LADY WITH THE EDEN-EYES.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Oh, Lady with the Eden-eyes,
Like hers that lit lost Paradise,
And voice as sweet as winds that swoon
With over-love on flowers in June,
And hair so round thy forehead curled,
It is the wonder of the world—
Say, Lady, say wilt thou not be
My star of hope o'er Life's dark sea?

II.

Thy graceful form I might compare
To fairy beings of the air,
But that I know their bright eyes see
Themselves unworthy such as thee,
The paragon of thy dear sex,
Sent here to charm us or to vex—
While now they taunting sing—thy form
Was never meant for any storm.

III.

Dear Lady, so the Elfins sing
Around on many a rainbow-wing,
But yet despite their words that seem
Like Truth's own music in some dream,
I can but, will but think that *thou*,
With such a gentle voice and brow,
Dost whisper—Yes! ah, yes I'll be
Thy star of hope o'er Life's wild sea!

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LIV.

CAPTAIN GALL ASTONISHED.

The escape from the Caradoc had been no less cleverly executed than planned. In the bustle of the party which Captain Gall had given on board, Caleb contrived to descend unnoticed to one of the boats at the stern, cut the rope, and drifted with the tide till he reached one of the numerous landing places, where our hero and Jack Manders were on the look-out.

No sooner did they perceive him than they put off and took him in tow. Our readers may imagine the joy of the fugitive at once more meeting with his former companion in misfortune.

"I can never repay you, sir!" he exclaimed, addressing himself to Richard; "I little thought that any one would have interested himself in my fate."

"You have nothing to repay," replied our hero, kindly; "your assistance and sympathy to my friend here, merited all I can do for you, to say nothing of the indignation every Englishman must feel at the tyranny you have so long endured."

At that moment Jack Manders felt exceedingly proud and grateful Richard had called him friend.

In a few minutes the party landed, and, entering a carriage driven by the native groom, who had resumed his usual dress, started for the cavalry barracks, where Fred Wharton, who was officer of the guard, for some time had been anxiously expecting them.

"Have you succeeded?" he hastily demanded.

Our hero pointed to Caleb.

The cornet, whose feelings were invariably excited in favor of any one who had suffered from cruelty and oppression, congratulated the runaway sailor warmly.

"Should your interference in my behalf cause you annoyance, I shall never forgive myself," observed the young man.

"Do not think of that," answered Wharton; "neither my friend nor myself are ever likely to undertake a foolish, mad adventure; or, having entered upon an honorable one, to abandon it lightly. To give those who are interested in your welfare a right to protect you," added the speaker, "you must enter the service of the Queen."

"Anything!" exclaimed the young man, gratefully, "rather than return to the Caradoc again. Even the grave!" he murmured, in an under-tone.

The officer rang the bell; it was answered by Mark Rayner, whose appearance was so greatly improved by his smart uniform, that his old acquaintances at St. Faith's would scarcely have recognized him.

"Here is a recruit for you, sergeant," said the cornet, "and one that will do the regiment credit, if I mistake not."

"At least I will never disgrace it," observed the fugitive, respectfully.

The shilling was given, and the sergeant about to retire with Caleb from the room, when the sound of voices was heard at the entrance of the guard-house.

All started to their feet.

"Pursued!" faltered Caleb, turning exceedingly pale; whilst Jack, who, since his residence on shore, had recovered no small portion of his former audacity, began quietly to arm himself.

Voices were again heard demanding admission, and amongst them that of Captain Gall might be easily recognized.

"Put down those pistols, Jack," said his protector.

His *protge* reluctantly obeyed him.

"And remember, not a word unless you are addressed. Mr. Wharton is the only person to reply to these visitors."

"They had better retire to the other room," observed the cornet, "whilst we receive them."

In a few seconds Captain Gall, Sanford, and two or three of Mr. Chutnee's clerks made their appearance, followed by the police. They were evidently excited, not only by wine, but by the chase after the runaways.

"So, Mr. Tyrrell," exclaimed the commander of the Caradoc, "I have discovered your pretty manœuverings at last!"

"Is this addressed to me?" demanded our hero.

"Of course it is," replied the ruffian, in an insolent tone. "Do you call yourself a gentleman to colleague with a set of mutinous rascals—assist them to desert from their ship, and hide from justice!"

"What I call or consider myself," replied our hero, calmly, "has very little to do with the question. But I will tell you what I consider you—a wretch, whose brutality has brought shame upon a profession to which he is a disgrace; a thing without one sentiment of humanity or proper feeling; a creature with the form, language, and name of an Englishman, but the soul of an Indian Thug." driver—nay, worse, a hangman's spirit."

Captain Gall colored deeply. It was the first time in his career he had ever been addressed in such terms, and by a mere boy, too! The youth of the speaker rendered the sting of his words doubly painful.

"I am not accountable to you for my conduct," he replied with a sneer. "I am come for my run away apprentices."

"Indeed!"

"Are they here?"

"Your victims are," answered Richard.

"And do you intend to give them up?"

"Not while there is law or justice to protect the injured in Calcutta!" exclaimed the young man, in a tone of indignation. "I would as soon abandon the lamb to the tiger, as any human being to your mercy. If you feel aggrieved, the courts of law are open to you. But I warn you that I will carry it from tribunal to tribunal, have your crew examined as witnesses, and hold your conduct up to the execration of an indignant public before I yield them up."

"Both here?" repeated the ruffian; "you said they."

"I did."

"Caleb is my apprentice: I have his indentures to prove it."

"Caleb has enlisted in my regiment," observed Fred Wharton, coolly: "if you have any legal right to his services, it must be proved elsewhere."

The tyrant and bully would have remonstrated, but the speaker cut him short by ordering the sergeant to clear the guard-house—a duty which Mark Rayner and his comrades performed with alacrity.

Capt. Gall and his party quitted the place, threatening the law and muttering menaces, which the officer and his friend listened to with the contempt they merited. The two fugitives re-appeared from the inner room; both were armed to the teeth. There was a desperate determination in their looks—the deadly paleness of their features and flashing eyes.

"Saved!" muttered Caleb, when he discovered that his persecutor had retreated.

"I have but one regret," added Jack; "that I did not send a bullet whistling through the coward's brain."

At an early hour the following day, Mr. Sanford proceeded to the house of his employer, eager to relate the adventure of the preceeding night to Mr. Chutnee—an adventure which, in his opinion, did not redound very much to the credit of our hero.

"Is it not strange," he added, "that a young gentleman of Mr. Tyrrell's position and fortune

CAPTAIN GALL BROUGHT TO TERMS.

should compromise himself in the affairs of a common sailor?"

"Is humanity so rare in your sex?" demanded Zamora, who was present, and had heard the story of poor Caleb from Lady Bell.

The merchant remained silent.

"The fellow is only an apprentice," observed the managing clerk.

"Only an apprentice," repeated the lady, scornfully; "the earthworm is an aristocrat, in its way."

Sanford bit his lips to repress the retort prudence forbade him to indulge; but he felt the sarcasm keenly; and the more so from the consciousness of having deserved it.

"Had I known," he said, addressing himself to Mr. Chutnee rather than to his wife, "that Mr. Tyrrell possessed so *warm an advocate*, I should not have presumed to censure his conduct."

Zamora regarded the speaker earnestly for an instant, then broke into a low, musical laugh. There was sadness rather than mirth in the sound.

"You see, Herbert," she exclaimed, turning to her husband, reproachfully, "the consequence of your folly. Send that man away; I feel heartsick in his presence."

"Send Captain Gall to me as soon as he arrives," said the merchant angrily. "Not a word, sir; I will speak with you in the counting-house."

"The idiot," muttered Sanford, as he quitted the room. "She twists and turns him at her pleasure; his heart-strings are in her hand. There is madness in an old man's love, but rarely confidence; and in that lies my hope of avenging myself for her scorn and insolence," he added.

Several times during the day, the managing clerk muttered the word "earthworm" to himself. It had evidently stung him.

"You were wrong, Zamora," observed her husband, as soon as they were alone. "Sanford had not the slightest idea of offending you; his remark was a very natural one. I doubt not but the poor fellow is cudgeling his brains to find out the cause of your anger."

Mrs. Chutnee shook her head mournfully, she was not to be convinced.

"I cannot bear to see you unhappy," added the speaker, in accents of self-reproach, "to feel that my love has destroyed you."

"Not your love, Herbert, but your suspicions."

"Are they groundless?" demanded the jealous man.

There was something both terrible and sad in the glance with which the outraged wife, a mere child in years, regarded him.

"You would like to be convinced they are," she replied, with suppressed emotion.

"I would give worlds were they mine to offer!" exclaimed the jealous husband; "the fortune it has been the labor of a life to gain; more—all that remains of that life itself!"

"I can give you the proof," observed Zamora, "but the price of my condescension to justify myself will prove a heavy one. It is the——"

"It shall be freely paid," interrupted the merchant, blinded to her real meaning by the madness of his jealousy, "though it should leave me bankrupt."

"Be it so," answered Mrs. Chutnee, coldly. "In a few hours you shall be satisfied. And now," she added, "remember your promise. You must use your influence with the captain of the Caradoc to obtain the liberty of Caleb."

"He shall be free as air," exclaimed the delighted husband. "Fear not but I will bring the fellow to reason."

"Man, man!" exclaimed Zamora, as he quitted the room; "ungenerous and selfish! You either cannot or will not understand our nature. That I should live to be humbled by him I once regarded with the filial innocence of a child—whom I have so tried to love. Had the heart he has wronged been all of clay, his suspicions might have made me the thing I was not born to be. I must nerve myself for my task," she added. "Pride and conscious purity will sustain me."

When Mr. Chutnee arrived at the counting-house he found Captain Gall waiting impatiently to see him. The tyrant trusted to his influence to replace both the runaways in his power once more, despite the loss of Caleb's indentures, which he had discovered on returning to his ship.

"I have heard it all," said the merchant, interrupting his statement, "and the treatment to which the lads have been subjected."

At this observation the countenance of his visitor fell.

"The only chance of avoiding a disgraceful exposure," added the speaker, "is at once to abandon all claim to their services."

"Never," exclaimed the ruffian, emphatically, "if there is law or justice in Calcutta. I can prove, by the evidence of my first mate, that one of the rascals is my apprentice, although his indentures have been stolen. He has no right to enlist—they must give him up."

And you will listen to no advice or representation on the subject?"

"None."

"In that case," said Mr. Chutnee, "I must remind you, Captain Gall, that I own two-thirds of the Caradoc."

"And that I am her commander," observed his visitor, sullenly.

"As long as you remain part owner," added the merchant, coolly "not an hour longer, unless by my appointment. In the event of any disagreement between us," he continued, at the same time drawing a bundle of papers from his desk, "it is provided that each party may buy the other out. Now, the ship is valued at fifteen thousand pounds: are you prepared to pay me ten?"

"Ten devils!" muttered his visitor.

"I must give you a cheque for five, then, and——"

"Stop, sir!" roared the crest-fallen captain; "surely you cannot mean to——"

"I mean exactly what I say," calmly observed the gentleman.

"Consider the example to the crew."

Mr. Chutnee began filling in the cheque.

"The loss, the humiliation."

Mr. Chutnee signed it.

"I give in," said the defeated ruffian, with a scowl. "It is not the treatment I have a right to expect."

An hour later, the merchat returned to his house, and placed the discharge of Jack Manders and Caleb—legally drawn up, and signed by their persecutor—in the hands of his wife.

Zamora received it with a faint smile.

"In the evening," she said, "you will accompany me in a visit I intend to pay."

"Willingly, my love. To whom?"

"To our late guests—Lady Bell and Lillian."

CHAPTER LV.

MR. CHUTNEE ON THE RACK.

On their way to Lady Bell's, Mr. Chutnee ventured more than once to remind his wife of the promise she had made of proving, even to his satisfaction, that his jealousy had been groundless.

"Patience," answered the lady, calmly; "the proof may arrive too soon."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the aged husband.

"You forget the price," observed Zamora.

"It shall be freely paid," answered the merchant, with a smile. "It would take more than one caprice to shake my fortune."

On arriving at the house of Sir Charles, they found the drawing-room, as usual, crowded by the belles and beaux of Calcutta, for it was her ladyship's reception night.

Whilst the gentleman was paying his compliments to Lady Bell, Lillian, who had been struck by the unusual paleness of his wife, glided to her side, and, twining her arm in hers, led her to the balcony.

From the balcony they descended to the garden.

"You are suffering," observed the orphan, affectionately, at the same time offering Zamora a small crystal *flacon* of perfumes.

"Not in body," answered her friend, "but in mind—in heart."

Her companion heard the reply with astonishment.

"You," she exclaimed, "whom all deem so happy!

"I might have been, but Herbert's jealousy destroys my peace of mind. I cannot smile but he imagines me thinking of another, or look melancholy but he accuses me of regretting that I ever consented to be his. He has no confidence in me," she added, "and that renders my task more bitter."

"Bitter!" repeated Lillian, in a tone of painful surprise: "I thought you loved him."

"I did, as you love Sir Charles—like a father. I was a child—a mere infant—when he asked me to become his wife. Had he asked me for the life-blood of my heart I should have given it to him; and so we married."

"Poor Zamora!"

"Oh! I was not unhappy, for at first he surrounded me with flowers, music, pictures—all that renders life intellectual and beautiful; gave me jewels—I never cared for them—and appeared so happy that I felt happy too."

"And will again. Herbert will soon see the folly, the injustice of his suspicions," observed Lillian. "It does not follow because he is old that you should not love him."

"No, it does not exactly follow."

"Look at Lady Bell and my kind guardian," added Lilly; "he is old enough to be her father."

"True."

"And they are happy."

"*Because he never doubted her.*"

"Jealousy must be a dreadful feeling," observed our heroine. "I wonder what it is like."

Zamora looked at her mournfully.

"I hope I shall never feel it."

"Heaven forbid you ever should!" exclaimed her friend, in a deeply agitated tone, and at the same time kissing her. "It must be something dreadful, to inspire the cruel, unjust thoughts my husband entertains."

"Oh, you must laugh him out of them," replied the fair girl, cheerfully. "What temper in the world could resist your smiles."

"You flatter me."

"Ask Richard if I do," continued the former speaker. "He told me," she added, with artless innocence, "that when he first beheld you he thought you the most beautiful woman he had ever seen."

Zamora blushed deeply, and cast her eyes upon the ground.

"You must not be angry with him."

"I am not angry," murmurred the wife of Mr. Chutnee.

"Remember, it was told to me in confidence; only I have no secrets from you," continued the orphan. "He never imagined, poor fellow, that I should turn traitress and repeat every word he said. You must not betray me."

"Never."

The word was most emphatically uttered.

"And when we are married," exclaimed the artless girl, "if Herbert should act unkindly and tease you, you shall come and stay with us till he has recovered his good humor, and you feel disposed to forgive him. I have no patience," she added, passing her arms round the waist of her friend; "jealous of you! Why, as Richard says, you have only to present yourself with that innocent face and look of purity at the gates of Paradise, and the angels who guard the entrance would roll them back upon their golden hinges with a smile, and let you in without a question."

"Did Mr. Tyrrell say this?" demanded her hearer, greatly agitated.

"Yes; but why do you call him Mr. Tyrrell?"

"It was no common praise," murmured Mrs. Chutnee to herself; "and I must study to deserve it. I will deserve it."

With a sudden effort, she threw off the sadness which appeared to weigh her spirits down, broke out into a musical, joyous laugh, and kissed her companion several times.

"What an ungrateful thing you must esteem me, Lilly," she exclaimed, "to annoy you with my complainings, at a moment you are so happy too. I did not think my heart had been so selfish; but you know what an impulsive creature I am. The thought of my heart flees at once to my lips; and, like a giddy bird, rests there only for an instant before it is uttered. I never could dissemble."

"Heaven forbid you ever should."

"At least, not with those I love," added the lady, correcting herself. "As for the world, we are compelled, especially when married, to act a part in it—to smile when our hearts are heavy—simply because our lord and master—man—either cannot, or will not do us justice."

"Is Herbert so exceedingly unreasonable?" demanded Lillian, archly.

"Fearfully."

"Why not consult Lady Bell?"

"She would only laugh at me: she is happy."

"I, too, am happy," observed Lilly, "and yet I do not laugh at you."

"You are too good to do so."

"Time will cure your husband of his foolish conduct."

"Never!" exclaimed Mrs. Chutnee; "and that is the great source of my uneasiness. Would you believe it, he was jealous because I accompanied Richard—there, I have not called him Mr. Tyrrell this time—to the ball at the government-house."

"How absurd!" replied the maiden, laughing and clapping her hands like one who felt greatly amused at the idea; "why, you had previously written to ask me to dance with him."

"Had I not?"

"And like a dear, true friend, said more flattering things of me than I ever can deserve," added Lillian, for her lover had told her all.

"My husband has even hinted that I wished his death."

"How wicked; but I can understand him. You are so much younger than himself, that he fears his beautiful widow might very soon forget her weeds."

"I shall never live to be a widow," replied the lady; or if I should, most certainly never be a wife again, but change to a devotee or coquette. I have not exactly made up my mind which."

The escape of the speakers from the drawing-room to the garden, although rapidly executed, had not been unobserved, for Mr. Chutnee and our hero had perceived the movement, and took the first occasion to follow them.

The merchant, however, being the more experienced tactician of the two, contrived to arrive first.

His wife's description had in no one point exaggerated the state of her husband's feelings. He was jealous—foolishly jealous—not only of our hero, but of every man younger than himself.

Seeing that she was alone with Lillian, and her countenance flushed with excitement, he guessed that Zamora had been complaining of his suspicions.

"The guilty do not complain," he thought; "perhaps I am wrong," and a better feeling came over him. The serpent, for an instant, was laid at rest.

"I don't think I ought to shake hands with you," exclaimed Lilly, only half extending her own towards him, as he made his appearance in the garden.

"And why not?"

"Because I find my dear, kind friend out of spirits."

"Are you certain that that is my fault?"

"Of course I am; whose else could it be? She never used to be dull till you took all kinds of ridiculous and whimsical crotchets into your head. Besides, you have placed me in a very awkward position for a young lady."

"You!" repeated the astonished merchant.

"Yes, me. You have compelled me to tell you what you have no right to learn, and what it is very wrong you should learn before it is properly announced."

"I have promised him that he should be satisfied," observed Zamora, "at any price."

The curiosity of her husband was roused, and he entreated an explanation.

"You must not receive it in that position, then," replied Lillian, laughingly.

"How, then?"

"Upon your knees. Do you hesitate? Oh, very well, sir. Now, I shall not tell you. Let us join Lady Bell."

This was addressed to Mrs. Chutnee, who took her arm.

"Stay! stay! There, I obey. I am upon my knees!" exclaimed the gentleman, suiting the action to his words; "and now that I am there, tell me what ignorant sin I have committed?"

"Pained me very much."

"But how?"

"By placing me in an embarrassing situation."

"I can't understand."

"Is it not an embarrassing one," said the fair girl, poutingly, "when you force me to confess that—that—that——"

"In heaven's name, what?"

"That I am engaged to be married to Mr. Tyrrell."

The jealous husband started to his feet as if a load had been suddenly removed from his heart.

"And with the consent of Sir Charles?"

"Of course. Richard would never have thought of me but for my kind friend Zamora, who told him I had more virtues than any woman, except herself and Lady Bell, ever boasted of; and persuaded him—kind creature, you will say, no doubt—that I was almost as beautiful as herself. Before I had ever even seen him," added the speaker, "she had written to engage me to dance with him at the ball at the government house."

"Fool!" murmured the penitent husband; "fool!"

"Well," said our heroine, "the word is rather a harsh one, but don't merit it for the future, and, above all, no saucy looks. If you betray my secret, I shall be compelled, in self-defence, to say why I confessed it, and you may guess which of us will be the most laughed at then."

So saying, she bounded from the pathway, leaving Herbert Chutnee and his wife by themselves.

For several moments the repentant man stood silent and abashed before the youthful creature whose inexperience he had betrayed into a disproportionate marriage. Suspicion had given place to confidence, and he felt, perhaps, how deeply he had sinned.

"Can you forgive me, Zamora?" he stammered.

"I can pardon any one who asks me," replied the lady, coldly.

He advanced, and would have taken her hand.

"But not restore my confidence," she added. "That, once broken, can never be reunited. You were unwise to destroy it, for it was the surest safeguard of my feelings and conduct. Whilst I could look up to you with reverence and affection, both were safe."

"And now?"

"You have set my heart a-dreaming," exclaimed Zamora, passionately; "and I ask what might have been my fate if I had united with one of my own age, whose pleasures would have been mine, whose pursuits the same; who, confident in his own truth and honor, had never insulted me by a suspicion of mine. You are astonished to hear me speak thus," she continued, "but I am no longer a child; suffering has made me a woman. Had you acted as you ought to have done, I should have remained a child still."

"Hear me, Zamora. I can again——"

"Make no rash promises, for they are changeable as the winds—unstable as water, and will be broken as soon as made. It needs but for some brainless puppy to pay a compliment to your wife—cause her to smile by his fatuity, perhaps—to fill your heart with jealous pangs again. I dare not trust you."

"Yet hear me.'

"*I will not trust you,*" added the girl-like creature, in a tone of resolution, which startled him. "You have shown me my destiny, and I submit to it; for the future, a life of care, every word to be weighed before my lips pronounce it, every look guarded, lest you should take offence. Would I had known it sooner."

"Zamora!" exclaimed her husband, "these cruel words inflict a deeper pang than all I have yet endured. You know I live but in your smiles, that my soul is so devotedly yours; I know no other being. Listen to me."

"I am listening."

"I have not long to live, for I am old; I blame

myself when I reflect how much older than yourself. I am rich; make but my few remaining years happy, and all that I possess shall be yours."

Mrs. Chutnee smiled disdainfully.

"You know not yet what wealth can purchase."

"Too painfully," she answered, with a shudder.

"You will drive me mad."

"You have made me wretched."

"Is there no hope?"

"None," replied Zamora. "Henceforth I shall be to you only as a daughter, for you have broken all other ties between us; but, like a daughter who knows her duty, I will consult your pleasure in everything. I give up society, I never cared for its flatterers and pleasures, renounce the companionship of all but my own sad thoughts. I cannot, if I would, divorce myself from them; the poor bird you have limed will remain a prisoner in its gilded cage. If its song is hushed, you have only yourself to blame."

"Zamora!" cried Mr. Chutnee, greatly agitated, "this is cruelty to yourself—to me—the very refinement of an angry woman's vengeance."

"And yet I am not angry," observed his wife, calmly.

"Can I endure the torture of seeing you wither in solitude, and know that my love has fallen like a blight upon your happiness?"

"Not your love, but your jealousy."

"By heavens," he added, "I would rather a thousand times see you in the world, the idol of every worshiper who sunned himself in your beauty."

"I require no worshipers."

"Friends, then."

"I shall still have Lillian and Lady Bell—but perhaps you will be jealous of them."

"Hear me!"

"More," exclaimed the angry beauty, bursting into a passionate flood of tears; "you have humiliated me—humiliated me to myself. Point out any one action of my life which justifies you in supposing that I would fling my heart unasked at the feet of one who cares nothing for me—more, who is the plighted husband of another."

"It was unjust," murmured the merchant. "It was a fatal hour which witnessed the entrance of Richard Tyrrell beneath my roof."

"You made it so."

"Granted," said her husband.

"The kind-hearted boy!" she added; "he little thought, whilst speaking to me with a brother's frankness, that every word he uttered was watched and weighed by lynx-eyed jealousy, that every smile was misconstrued. And yet you could affect friendship for him! Poor humanity! how easily the clay of which thou art composed receives the vilest impressions!"

"I will ask his forgiveness," said Mr. Chutnee, very humbly.

The eyes of Zamora flashed fire, and her child-like, beautiful lips curled with an expression of scorn so intense, that it startled the weak and doting old man.

"What!" she cried; "let him know that any one dared suspect me of thrusting my love unasked upon him, of breaking the vow I have sworn to Him before whom all vows are sacred? Never, never!"

"What can I do?" demanded the merchant, in a tone of helplessness.

"Nothing. We must both submit to our punishment—I, for thinking that an old man, whom I was once weak enough to love, with his affections could bestow his confidence; you, for having doubted where wisdom should have bade you trust."

All this appeared so strange to Herbert Chutnee, that it was no wonder he felt bewildered. Great as his error had been, he felt that the penalty was still greater, and began to experience something like anger and impatience.

"You forget," he said, "that you are my wife."

"I cannot forget it."

"And that I have rights which——"

Zamora broke into a laugh; not one of those light and musical ones which speak the heart at ease, but a sharp, metallic one, whose peculiar sounds indicate the depth of the vibration.

"Rights!" she repeated; "rights over a child whom you have betrayed into marriage, only to make her wretched; for I was happy enough at school with my books, and young companions. Urge them upon me and I quit your house—break the last tie between us."

"And give yourself up to another!" exclaimed her husband, furiously.

"Not whilst you have the shadow of a claim upon me. I shall always respect myself, unless driven to cease to respect you."

"This is torture!"

"I know it is," observed his wife, coolly; "but the instrument has been invented by yourself."

With these words the speaker returned to the house, despite the entreaties and remonstrances of the man who for the future was only to be to her as a father. In his despair he bitterly cursed his own folly, for every feeling of jealousy respecting Richard Tyrrell was at an end, at the very moment, perhaps, when, if he could have read his wife's heart, he might have found most cause for jealousy.

The truth was that Zamora doubted of her own heart, not its virtue, for an impure thought had never yet sullied it. Her husband's groundless suspicions—groundless, at least, in the first instance—had caused her to think more than she otherwise would have done of our hero, and, to her astonishment and terror, the announcement of his engagement with Lillian had caused her a pang.

Well might she accuse Herbert Chutnee of folly in setting her young heart dreaming.

When he made his appearance in the drawing-room, for he did not re-join the gentlemen at their wine, he saw his wife seated between Lady Bell and Lillian. She had extorted from the latter a solemn promise never to reveal the secret she had confided to her, not even to her protectress.

"I am glad you are come," cried her ladyship. "Zamora is the most unreasonable creature. I really am afraid you spoil her. Use your influence."

"I fear you overrate it," murmured the husband, with a sigh.

"She absolutely refuses to join us in a party to-morrow to one of the lovely islands on the Hooghly. Did you ever hear of such caprice?"

"Why not accept it, my love?" demanded Herbert; "you once were fond of the water."

The insulted beauty shook her head.

"I can trust you," he added, in the vain hope of conciliating her by a display of confidence which, even in his present position, cost him an effort to affect, "to the care of our friends."

"Is not that a temptation?" cried Lady Bell, laughingly.

"Not the slightest."

Lillian was about to speak, but a look from her friend, reminding her of her promise, restrained her.

At this instant Richard entered the drawing-room. The mutual glances between him and the fair girl he had wooed and won, convinced the merchant how groundless had been his fears.

Zamora regarded him with a cold smile.

"Come, Mr. Tyrrell," said her husband, "you must try the effect of your eloquence."

"Upon what subject?"

"A pleasant party."

"Oh, then, I promise to be very eloquent."

"My wife refuses to join it," added Mr. Chutnee, "because I cannot accompany her. You must reason her out of her caprice."

The speaker led our hero up to the musnud on which the ladies were seated. Bowing in the style of an oriental presenting a petition, he proffered his request.

"Rejected," said Zamora; then, turning to the mortified husband, she added, ironically, "you see I *can* keep my resolution."

Herbert Chutnee began to feel exceedingly alarmed, and feared she would keep her word.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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FEMALE COURTSHIP.

Two or three looks when your swain wants a kiss;
Two or three Noes when he bids you say Yes;
Two or three smiles when you utter the No,
Two or three frowns if he offers to go;
Two or three speeches like "Ah, go away!"
Two or three times you must hold him to stay;
Two or three smiles when astray for small chat,
Two or three tears though you can't tell for what;
Two or three letters when vows are begun,
Two or three quarrels before you have done;
Two or three meetings to walk here and there,
Two or three nights to the court-house repair;
Two or three dances to make you jocose,
Two or three hours in a corner sit close;
Two or three starts when he bids you elope,
Two or three glances that intimate hope;
Two or three pauses before you are won,
Two or three faintings to let him press on;
Two or three sighs when you've wasted the tears;
Two or three hems when the chaplain appears;
Two or three squeezes when the hand 's given away,
Two or three coughs when you've come to obey;
Two or three curtsies when marriage is over,
Two or three honeys discovering your lover;
Two or three steps to the bridal home run,
Two or three kisses though ask'd for but one;
Two or three lasses may have by these rhymes,
Two or three husbands though hard is the times.

LOVING AND PATIENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"A faithful wife, a tender mother, a true friend, the life of our departed sister was beautiful. She had trial, pain, suffering—the common lot of all; but there was this difference between our sister and many others—in her trials, pains and sufferings, she was always loving and patient."

And with these words, the minister closed his eulogy. His voice was earnest, and there was a low tremor of feeling in its tones. He had known this faithful wife, this tender mother, this true friend well, and therefore he had uttered no mere commonplaces, as he stood, uncovered, by the grave around which were gathered the weeping mourners.

"Loving and patient," said one to another, as they walked slowly amid the flower-covered tombstones, on their way out from the cemetery. "Yes, she was all that—few so loving, few so patient."

"And few with more need of patience," was replied. "They speak of home martyrs sometimes. I think she was one. The loving heart asks for love in return, and if it receives not this food to nourish its life in sufficient measure, it droops, wastes, dies. So did our precious friend."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Mr. Carson was not an unkind man."

"He did not treat her with the brutality of an ignorant French peasant, but, for all that, he is none the less guilty of having diminished, by years, the period of her earthly existence."

"Then it was an uncongenial marriage," said the other.

"A mild way of speaking truth," answered the friend. "Yes, it was, I think, wholly uncongenial for her. He was, probably, as well satisfied with her as he would have been with any woman. She ministered to his selfish pleasures, and was, as we have just heard, loving and patient. It was all right, so far as his enjoyments were concerned; as for her, life, I think, was one long martyrdom of the heart. But it is over now, and she sleeps well."

And so they talked, as they went out from the place of graves.

"Loving and patient." The bereaved husband carried the words home with him. They had fallen upon his ears with a new meaning, as applied to his wife, and gave to his mind a certain new perception as to her character. "A faithful wife, a tender mother, a true friend." These were the minister's words also, and they were sounding still in his ears. How singularly elevated had become, all at once, Mr. Carson's ideal of his wife. Her character stood out with a new distinctness. "She had trial, pain, suffering." Alas! and this was true also—true to the bereaved husband in a way never before appreciated.

Back to his home returned Mr. Carson, and gathered his motherless children around him. How very, very desolate he felt. What a pressure there was upon his bosom—what an aching void within.

"Loving and patient." The brief sentence found an involuntary repetition in his mind. He kept saying it over and over, until memory began to draw pictures of the past. Let us transfer one of these pictures to canvas. Here it is. Mr. Carson gazed upon it until it gave him the heart-ache.

They had been married over a year, when Mrs. Carson, who had not seen her mother during that period, asked to "go home," a distance of some two hundred miles, and make a short visit. Since her marriage she had not visited the dear old place, though her heart kept going back to its loved ones yearningly all the while.

"I don't see how that is possible," answered her husband, coldly, and in evident surprise at the request. "You can't go alone, and for me to leave my business is out of the question."

Tears came instantly to the soft brown eyes of the young wife.

"I have not seen my mother since I came from home."

Down, down through years came to Mr. Carson the voice of his wife, as it trembled on this sentence. Not a single shade of its tender sadness was gone. And now it fell upon sensitive ears, that searched into all its meanings. But when living lips uttered the words so faithfully kept by memory, they awakened no feeling of sympathy in his selfish heart. "Came from *home!*" He then said to himself angrily, "Isn't this her home?"

"Write to your mother, and ask her to come and make us a visit," replied Mr. Carson.

"Mother has a large family, and many cares. She could not get away for so long a journey."

"And you have cares, and a home where your presence is needed," said the husband. Then he added, "No, no, Mary, I can't see that it is possible now."

"I can go alone." Tears had kept gathering in spite of her efforts to repress them, and now a few drops fell slowly over her cheeks.

"Don't think of that for a moment. I am particularly opposed to ladies traveling alone. I don't think it at all safe. And then, the baby is young. It would be certain to take cold, and might contract a fatal disease."

"Baby is nearly three months old——"

"It's no use arguing the matter," said Mr. Carson, with considerable impatience of manner. "You can't go, Mary, and you might as well give it up at once."

Memory had kept, with daguerreotype fidelity, the expression of his wife's face, when he flung back upon her this unfeeling interdiction, and now it was before him in all of its rebuking sadness.

"Loving and patient." This was the commentary. No angry, impatient, or rebellious word escaped her lips, nor did a frown disfigure her brow. But she seemed to shrink before him, as if a strong hand had borne down hard upon her.

Two months from that time, news came of the mother's sudden illness.

"I must go home now," she said.

"It is impossible for me to accompany you. Wait for a few days. Your mother will be well again."

"I can go alone. Thomas," urged Mrs. Carson.

"I will not consent to that, Mary," was positively objected. "Next week, if your mother should continue to grow worse, I will go with you."

"Oh, Thomas! if I should never see her alive!"

"You indulge a needless alarm," said the husband, coldly. "This sickness is but temporary, and will pass away."

The pleader was silenced, but the pale, sad face gave signs of intense suffering. A whole week passed without another word. Then came a letter from her father in these few words—

"Your mother is dying. Come! O, come quickly! We have been looking for you every hour during the last four days. Don't delay a moment after receiving this, if you would see your mother alive."

There was no objection to urge now. But when Mrs. Carson re-crossed the threshold over which she had gone forth a bride, it was to fall, with a deep wail of anguish, insensible across the bed where lay the cold form of her almost idolized mother, back to whom she had so panted to fly, through more than a year of patient waiting.

There was a strange expression in the face of Mrs. Carson for months afterwards. Its meaning her husband did not seek to penetrate. Indeed, perception with him had no plummet-line that could reach far enough down to fathom her consciousness. Months passed before any warmth came back to her cheeks, or any light to her dreamy eyes. Yet no murmur or reproach escaped her lips. She was loving, dutiful, and patient. But she never spoke to Mr. Carson of her mother. Once or twice he referred to the dear departed one, but she did not seem to hear his remark; and he, from a vague suspicion of the truth, held back from repeating the reference.

With what painful distinctness was this whole scene restored, as Mr. Carson sat grieving over his great loss, in the desolate home from which the light of a loving face had departed forever. Oh, what would he not have given for power to change that one cruel act! Away from the rebuking record, written in his book of life in characters never to be erased, the grieving and repentant man turned his eyes; but it was only to gaze upon another almost as painful to behold. As this faded, Memory restored other scenes in which he was the mean, selfish oppressor, and she the loving, patient, long-suffering wife. It had been all exaction on his part, and gentle compliance on hers, even though compliance must often have been through reluctance or pain. He had been a selfish tyrant; she a yielding, dutiful subject, though often burdened beyond nature's power of endurance.

And now, as Mr. Carson read over the past, he saw new meanings in almost every life-incident. The sad eye; the pale, pleading face that grew thinner and paler with every passing year; the almost stony look that answered to his unkind words; the silence that often sealed her lips for hours after his arbitrary denials; all these, and more, were present to him now, and he tried, but in vain, to put them out of sight.

How little had he taken her needs of mind or body into consideration, during all the years of their married life. He had scarcely thought of her as a being with necessities like his own; but rather as one given to be the servant of his wants and pleasures. It mattered little how she thought, felt, or desired. If her action served him, that reached the compass of his estimates.

"Loving and patient." What a new power to smite him as with a whip of stinging scorpions, was this testimony of the preacher gaining every moment. Yes, she had been loving and patient amid cruel wrongs and neglects, that sapped the foundations of her life. Loving and patient, though daily she bent lower and lower beneath the heavy weight of her uncheered duties.

And these were the memories that came back upon the bereaved husband, as he sat, with his motherless children, in the home now made desolate. There had been an angel in his house for years; but in his blind selfishness he had not recognized her presence, even though her hand crowned his days with comfort, and made his pillow soft for him at night. And worse than this; for good deeds he had returned harshness; for love coldness; and for gentle words unkindly speech.

Not a gleam of consolation found its way into this night of sorrow and self-rebuke. Our dead return not. As we have been to them, so will be our memories of them—blessed, or accusing memories, according to our deeds.

How many hundreds of bereaved husbands are sitting in the shadow of grief to-day, mourning for the departed ones, whose loving presence will no more give warmth and light to their dwellings? Ah! what are their companion-thoughts? What their crowding memories? What their pictures from the past? Like those of Mr. Carson? Not all, we trust; yet, to all must come the recollection of acts or omissions, that the world, if possessed, would hardly seem too much to give, if that great sacrifice could change the record.

But to those who have still their home-treasures around them, the lesson comes with hope as well as rebuke. Ah, how little inclined are some men to think, that the patient, uncomplaining ones, who move daily through their dwellings, have equal wants and aspirations with themselves. How singularly inclined are selfish, sensual-minded men, to undervalue and think lightly of a woman's wants, yearnings, peculiarities, and necessities. Their range of thought and feeling, sweeps rudely away from hers. Their hearts but rarely respond to the same touches of sympathy. If, now and then, a wife drops her pure pearls of feeling at the feet of her husband, he tramples them in light scorn under his feet, and she learns, from these sad experiences, to keep more sacred her precious treasures. And so she withdraws more and more into herself, and, it may be, turns to her husband some rougher side of her character, thus exposing one that will suffer least from the rude contact to which she is daily exposed.

Ah! who can tell in what externally pleasant homes these fearful heart-martyrdoms are going on. Beautiful mansions, richly attired, give charm and elegance to our streets. They smile down upon us everywhere, with their assurance of happy hearts within. But, every now and then, wan faces, and sad, dreamy eyes look out upon us from the windows; or we catch glimpses, through fluttering vails, of hopeless countenances, as victims of social wrongs glide in and out of waiting carriages. Alas! alas! What a mockery of life is all this! If some are not patient and loving, as was Mrs. Carson, who bore up under her heavy burdens with seeming cheerfulness, until she fell exhausted, and perished by the wayside, ere half the usual allotment of days was filled up, who can wonder—who can strongly blame? All have not the religious trust that gave strength in her weakness, and hope in her despair.

Still, blessings on the loving and patient, though even their paths be rough, and their trials sharp! They pass away like the rest—falling at noon and mid-day in the journey of life—but their departure is in light, and, as their garments trail behind them in their final passage upwards, to all eyes, even those made dullest by selfish feelings, they are seen as angels.

AGE AND YOUTH.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Once upon a time, there was a queen so old, so very old, that she was bald and toothless; her head shook like an aspen-leaf; she could not see even with her spectacles, and the end of her nose and chin met; she was grown less by half than she once had been, and so round and bent, that one would have thought she had been crooked all the days of her life. A fairy, who had been present at her birth, came up to her and said, "Will you grow young again?" "With all my heart," replied the queen: "I would willingly give all my jewels, so that I might now be but twenty." "We must then," replied the fairy, "find somebody out, to whom we may give your old age, and whose youth, health, and vigor you shall take: On whom shall we bestow your hundred years?" The queen had somebody sought for everywhere, who would be old, to make her become young again. At first came several beggars, who, to grow rich, were willing to grow old; but when they had seen the queen coughing, spitting, rattling in her throat, forced to live upon spoon-meat, be frightful, dirty, nasty, doting and in misery, they would not have her load of years upon them, and rather chose to beg and wear their rags. The next who came were ambitious people, to whom she promised great honors and emoluments: "but what shall we do with those employments?" said they, as soon as they had set eyes upon her. "We shall never dare show ourselves, after we are once grown so deformed and frightful." At length came a young country girl, whose name was Damaris, and who, in exchange for her youth asked the crown. At first the queen was angry, but in vain, for she was resolved at any price to grow young again. "Let us divide the kingdom," said she to Damaris; "I will retain one half, and you shall possess the other; and certainly that must content you, who are but a poor country girl." "It will not content me," replied Damaris: "I will have all or none: or resign your kingdom, or I will keep my ruddy complexion, with my condition, and you shall keep your hundred years, and as many again wrinkles, with death at your heels." "But should I consent to it," cried the queen, "what can I do without a kingdom?" "You would do as I do," replied the girl; "you would laugh, sing, and dance," she said; and immediately fell to laughing, and singing, and dancing. The queen, who was far from being able to do such a thing, asked her, "How she would behave herself in her station? you are neither used to be old, nor to reign." "No matter," answered Damaris; "but I would gladly try, for I have always heard that it was a fine thing to be a queen."

Whilst they were thus discoursing, the fairy came in, who said to Damaris, "Will you put yourself apprentice to the business of an old queen, to see how you like it?" "With all my heart," cried the girl, and immediately wrinkles covered her forehead, her hair grew white, and her temper became sour and passionate, her head shook, her teeth dropped out, and she already appeared a woman of a hundred years old. The fairy opened a little box and took out of it a crowd of officers and courtiers, richly clad, and who grew up as fast as they came out, and paid their duties to the new queen. A feast is served up on the table, but she has lost her stomach; she cannot chew, she is ashamed and astonished, she knows not what to say or do, and her cough is ready to choke her. She views herself in the looking-glass, and finds herself grown uglier than an ape. Meanwhile the true queen was in a corner of the room, where she smiled, and began to grow young. Her hair and her teeth grew again, her complexion became fresh and ruddy, and by degrees she straightened; but she was dirty, her petticoats were short, and they seemed to have been dragged through the ashes: she was not accustomed to such an equipage, and the guards taking her for a dirty scullion-wench, were about to drive her out of the place. Then Damaris said, "You seem confounded at the change, and so am I too; take back your crown, give me my peasant's dress." Immediately the queen grew old again, and Damaris young. Scarce was the change made, when both repented of it, but in vain, for the fairy ordered that they should remain in their own states their whole lifetime. The queen daily wept; scarce did she ever feel the least pain but she would cry, "Alas! if I were Damaris now, I should live in a thatched hut, upon chestnuts perhaps; but then I should dance with the shepherds, under the shady elms, by the sound of the flute. Of what use is a downy bed to me, since I cannot rest in it? Nor can all those around me assuage my pains." Fretting added to her sickness, which twelve physicians, who perpetually surrounded her, increased, and at the end of two months she died. Damaris was dancing with her companions, upon the banks of a crystal stream, when the news of the queen's death was brought; then she was sensible that she had more good fortune in losing than wisdom in choosing the royalty.

Some time after, the fairy came to Damaris, and gave her the choice of three husbands; one of them, old, fretful, disagreeable, jealous, and cruel; but rich, powerful, and a lord, who neither night nor day would suffer her to stir out of his sight. The second, handsome, genteel, lovely, good-humored, and of a noble origin; but poor, and unfortunate in all his undertakings. The last a peasant, like herself, neither handsome nor ugly; who would love her, but not be overfond; and who would be neither rich nor poor. The girl knew not which of the three to choose, for she naturally loved fine clothes, equipage, and titles; but the fairy said, "Go, you are a fool; do you see that shepherd, he is your man; the first would be too fond of you, and you would love the second too well, so that you would be miserable with either of them; be satisfied that the third won't beat you. You had much better dance upon the grass and turf than in a palace, and be plain Damaris in the country than a great unhappy lady; do not long after greatness, and you will live happily all your lifetime with your shepherd."

ANTIPATHIES AND FEARS.

It is a difficult matter to account for the dislike that some persons have been known to entertain for those things which are pleasing in themselves, and generally admired, yet many are the instances upon record of such unaccountable antipathies. So deeply rooted are these antipathies, that no exertion of the mind is ever capable of eradicating them. Of this we have a striking instance in the brave Marquis de la Roche Jacquelin, who, though he stood undaunted in the field of slaughter, yet could never help trembling and turning pale, at the sight of the harmless squirrel. He was the first to laugh at his own weakness, but his utmost efforts were never able to overcome this involuntary terror. Charming as the rose is to most people, yet, we are told of several persons, such as Cardinals Cordona and Caraffa, of a Venetian nobleman of the family of Barbaragi, and of Lady Heneage, one of the maids of honor to Queen Elizabeth, who swooned at the mere sight of this beautiful flower. There was once a family in Aquitaine that entertained so great an aversion to apples, that the mere sight of one set their nose a bleeding. The very least particle of olive oil introduced into any dish, and however well disguised, was so obnoxious to a Count of Darmstadt, that he was immediately seized with fainting fits. There are many animals, such as mice, rats, beetles, cats, &c. that have been objects of terror to many persons, but the dog is generally beloved as a faithful friend of man; yet, we are informed by Bartholin, that he knew a stout, hearty man, and one of a bold and courageous disposition, who could not see a dog, no matter how small, without immediately shaking with apprehension, and being seized with convulsive trembling in his left arm, and in his hand. In a physical point of view, aversion to individuals of our own species, is of rare occurrence; and, however some men may detest the moral character of their fellow-men, they do not object to his external appearance. A curious instance of such an antipathy is, however, mentioned by Weinrithius:—"There was a person of a noble family, who was not able to bear that an old woman should look upon him; and being once drawn out by force from his supper, to look upon such, that which was only intended for merriment, as to him, ended in death, for he fell down and died on the spot." The terrors felt by some persons at the various phenomena of nature are less unaccountable. Thunder and lightning are often greatly dreaded. Augustus was so much alarmed at these meteors, that he carried about him the skin of a calf—then thought to be an excellent guard against lightning; and during a thunder-storm he sought refuge under ground, in vaults or cellars. According to Seutonius, Caligula, who labored under similar fears, whenever it thundered, wrapped his head up in some covering—or, if he was in bed, leaped out of bed, and hid himself under it. A bishop of Langras, Charles d'Escars, always fainted at the beginning of a lunar eclipse, and remained insensible as long as it lasted. This weakness proved eventually fatal to him—for, when old and infirm, having fainted as usual, at the time of an eclipse, he was not able to recover, and expired.

LOVE.

Love is full of speech, but never more abundant therein than in praise. Love is a fading pleasure, mixed with bitter passions, and a misery tempered with a few momentary delights. Love is a virtue, if it be measured by dutiful choice, and not maimed with willful chance. Love is not to be suppressed by wisdom, but not to be comprehended with reason. Hot love is soon cold; and faith plighted with an adulterous vow is tied without conscience, and broken without care. Love is a heat full of coldness, a sweet full of bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness; making the thoughts have eyes, and hearts ears; bred by desire, nursed by delight, weaned by jealousy, killed by dissembling, and buried by ingratitude. Love is a worm, which commonly lives in the eye, and dies in the heart. Love is a cameleon, which draweth nothing in the mouth but air, and nourisheth nothing in the body but the tongue. Love-knots are tied with eyes, and cannot be untied with hands; made fast with thoughts, not to be unloosed with fingers. Of love mixed with mockery followeth the truth of infamy. Sophocles, being asked what harm he would wish to his enemy, answered, "that he might love where he was not fancied." Lovers' oaths are like fetters made of glass, that glitter fair, but couple no constraint. Amidst the natural passions of man, love is the fountain of all other. Love may wither by little and little, but the root will not be removed on a sudden. Self-love is the ground of mischief; lascivious love, the root of remorse; wanton love, the coward's warfare. Pure love never saw the face of fear; pierces the darkest corners; and attempts the greatest dangers.

EARLY RISING.

There is something in the morning air, that, while it defies the penetration of our shallow philosophy, adds brightness to the blood, freshness to life, and vigor to the whole frame. If we would be well, therefore—if we would have our heart dancing gladly like the May breeze, and our blood flowing merrily like a May brook—we must be up with the sun. How delightful, while the day is yet young, for the poet and lover of nature to linger on the borders of the copse, gushing with the melody of its feathered choir, to watch the opening flowers as they lift their weak eyes to heaven, silently, though unconsciously, speaking the praise of their creator—

"Sweet is the breath of morn, its rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds."

The country is so calmly beautiful in the morning, that it seems rather to belong to the world of dreams, which we have just quitted—to be some paradise, which suffering and care cannot enter, than to form a portion of a busy and anxious world, in which even the very flowers must share in decay and death.

PEDIGREE OF A HORSE.

The following is a literal translation of the pedigree of an Arabian horse, well known in Nottinghamshire a few years ago:—"In the name of GOD the merciful! The cause of the present writing is, that we witness that the grey horse *Derrish*, of Mahomet Bey, is the first breed of Nedgee horses, whose mother is the grey mare *Hadba the famous*, and whose father is the bay horse *Dahrouge*, of the horses of the *Benihaled*. We testify on our conscience and fortune, that he is of the breed concerning which the Prophet has said—'the true runners when they run strike fire; they grant prosperity until the day of judgment.' We have testified what is known; and 'God knows who are true witnesses.'"

THE ROBBER'S WIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"Come with me, thou gentle maid;
The stars are strong and make a shade
Of yew across your mother's tomb;
Leave your chamber's vine-leaved gloom,
Leave your harp-strings, loved one;
'Tis our hour," the robber said.
"Yonder comes the goblin's sun;
For, when men are still in bed,
Day begins with the old dead.
Leave your flowers so dewed with weeping,
And our feverish baby sleeping;
Come to me, thou gentle maid;
'Tis our hour," the robber said.

To the wood, whose shade is night,
Went they in the owls' moonlight.
As they passed, the common wild
Like a murderous jester smiled,
Dimpled twice with nettly graves.
You may mark her garmeat white,
In the night-wind, how it waves:
The night-wind to the churchyard flew,
And whispered underneath the yew;
"Mother churchyard, in my breath,
I've a lady's sigh of death."
—"Sleep thou there, thou robber's wife."
Said he, clasping his wet knife.

MY LESSON.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

We were to be married—Isabel Jernynghame and I. She was my cousin on the father's side, and bore my name already—a thing at which she often rejoiced. I was rich, but she was poor and also proud. Sometimes a thought struck me that she was marrying me only for my gold, and then I laughed scornfully, and said to myself that I cared little if it was really so; that I must have a wife, and Isabel was handsome and stately, and would look well at the head of my table, and in her box at the opera; that men would envy me, and that my honor would be safe in her hands; as for love—I had outlived many illusions at the age of twenty-nine, and that was one of them.

So matters stood, when my bride elect took a sudden fancy to pay a visit to certain relatives of hers, who were buried somewhere among the mountains of New Hampshire, and of whom she had often spoken to me. New York should have been a desert to me when she was away; yet, I must confess, the streets seemed as full, and my bachelor friends as pleasant as ever. I wrote to her now and then, and she answered me. Stiff, formal letters they were, I fancy, on both sides—not much like those I had written to and received from Mary Parkinson some ten years before—but then I was older and wiser, and Isabel was a dignified lady, and would look askance at any lover-like ravings. So the days went on, and August came, and the city grew too hot for comfort. Then, for the first time, it struck me that it would only be polite to visit my betrothed, and get acquainted with my future relatives. I sent a letter to announce my coming, and jumping into the cars, found myself on the evening of the next day in the little village of Lennox.

It was a pretty place. If I had been ten years younger, I should have gone into raptures over it, and taken Isabel for a long walk down a shady road that wound past the window of my parlor in the little hotel;—as it was, I only leaned against the open casement, and took a long draught of the sweet country air, and heaved an absurd sigh as the thought of Mary Parkinson crossed my mind; and then I turned to the tea-table and did justice to the dainties, such as only a New England housekeeper can concoct, which were waiting for me there. That important business over, I made a careful toilet, and after receiving directions as to the locality of Mr. Ashley's house, where Isabel was staying, set off to find her.

Out in a field, as I mounted the last hill between me and Mr. Ashley's house, I saw an enormous hay-cart, drawn by oxen, coming slowly up towards the bars. A young girl sat composedly in it, wearing a gipsey-hat and holding a great whip in her hand, which she flourished in the air, as she sung some gay song about the "Harvest Home." Two men walked behind the cart in their shirt-sleeves, with rakes upon their shoulders, and a great black Newfoundland dog was whirling round in clumsy circles, barking till the distant hills rang with the sound. I sat down on a stone, and watched them all. They were far enough from me, yet the air was so still and calm that I could see and hear them plainly; and something, God knows what! whether it was the lovely scene, or something in the girl's singing, touched my heart! It was as if I had grown young again, as if a weary weight that had been crushing me to the very earth, was suddenly lifted from my shoulders, and I was free.

As I sat thinking, there came a bound and a rustle at my side, and something cold and moist touched my cheek. I looked up. A little water-spaniel, with an inquisitive, knowing face, was beside me, wagging his feathery tail, and looking up at me, with his large, dark eyes, as if he would give a great deal to know what was the matter with me. And that was not all. Within ten paces of me stood his mistress—Isabel! She was dressed in pink, and her black hair looked blacker from the contrast with a blossom of the sweet syringa, that drooped in the heavy braids. Nothing on her head—a lace scarf thrown carelessly over her shoulders, and a book in her hand. She had been reading as she walked, and stood, with her fore-finger between the leaves, to mark the place, as she looked at me. And with the flush of my recent emotion upon me, I could not help remarking that she did not blush when she came upon me so unexpectedly—she only grew a little pale and set her lips firmly—that was all. I sprang to my feet and went up to her.

"Were you expecting me?" I asked, as I took the hand she extended, and found it lying cold and passive in my own.

"Yes. But a little earlier," she said, quietly.

She had come to meet me, then. And as the thought crossed my mind, I bent over the little hand, and pressed it to my lips. It was a little odd, but I had never touched her lips but once in my life. She was as cold and stately as a statue; and the sweet impulse of insanity that makes us clasp the beloved one in a closer embrace, that prompts a thousand kisses showering down upon the warm and yielding lips, never came over me when I was with her. She was my liege lady—she would be my wife—but never my darling. I sighed a little as I thought of this, and looked at her beautiful, composed face, as we walked up the road together, talking of the city, and halted at the farm-house gate.

"Are you alone?" I asked, as I looked in through the shady yard at the low wooden building.

A slight flush rose to her cheek and she looked away from me.

"By no means, Mr. Jernynghame. My cousin—your cousin, too—Maude Jernynghame is here with me; and my own cousins, Lucy and William Ashley, are both at home—one from school, the other from college. We are quite gay, I assure you."

But why need her voice falter and her color change as I looked at her. A boarding-school girl and a college-boy, I cared nothing for them; but Maude Jernynghame, my second cousin, whom I had heard of in every capital of my own country, and who had danced and flirted through a London season—ay, and a Paris season, too—what, in the name of all that was wonderful, was she doing here, in this little farm-house? It was stranger even than finding Isabel there.

Maude was not handsome. At first sight one would have called her plain—and plain I fancy she was, to the end of the chapter, only the glamour she cast over all eyes prevented this from being seen. She was taller than Isabel, and more slender—quicker in her motions, in her speech, and looks. So quick, indeed, that she made me nervous, and I fell back with a feeling of relief on the composure of my bride elect. Maude teased and tormented the life out of me—now coming to me in a good and penitent mood, and making herself agreeable in a thousand pretty little ways; and the next moment, perhaps, playing me some trick that drove me wild, and made her laugh till she cried. She never desisted till she had made me thoroughly angry, and then she danced off like a fairy, to seek a fresh victim, while I sought out Isabel, and watched her cold, proud face, and the quiet grace of her movements, and listened to the measured music of her voice, till I grew calm again. Yet, with a strange perversity for which I could not account, my heart was never quite at rest till my tormentor was once more with us.

I was lying on the grass, beneath the tamarac trees in front of the door, one hot afternoon, when Maude burst in through the gate, (she never opened it like any one else,) and was running through towards the house, when she caught sight of me. I was three-fourths asleep, and quite lost in delicious revery, when some insect crawled along my cheek. I brushed it off and composed myself once more. No, there it was again, behind my ear, making my flesh creep; and then upon my forehead, and from there to my cheek again; crawling, crawling, in every place where my hand did not go; till at last it took refuge in the corner of my eyelid, dodging all my frantic attempts to capture or dislodge it. It was a paltry irritation, but it was also a hot afternoon, and at last I burst out with a naughty word, and sat upright and opened my eyes. Maude dropped the spear of grass with which she had been tickling me, and sprang to her feet, and shook her finger at me, with wide open eyes.

"Oh, John, what a naughty boy you are! Do you know what you said, sir? What do you think will become of you if you talk like that?"

"I beg your pardon a thousand times, Maude," I said, getting up from the grass. "But pray, what do you think will become of you, my lady, if you play such tricks as this on me?"

"I am sure I don't know."

"Shall I tell you?"

I made a step towards her, but as if she read my purpose in my eyes, she was away like a frightened deer. I ran after her, and after a hard chase, had nearly caught her, when she slipped from my hands, and dashed into an old building which stood opposite the farm-house, and was only used, as I supposed for a granary. Quick as thought, she turned the key, and I heard her laughing saucily inside. But I saw a window open. She had forgotten that, and I leaped in and had her in my arms.

Flushed with the frolic, palpitating with her fright and haste, she had never looked half so pretty or so lovable before. I held her so tightly that she could not struggle, but just as I bent down to punish her with the threatened kiss, her eyes met mine, and I could feel the beatings of her heart against my breast. She did not speak—she did not stir—but the eyes stopped me. There was something in them which I had never seen before; something that made my heart beat as loudly as hers. I could have held her there forever—I could have died at that moment. But I opened my arms and let her go. She sat down in a broken arm-chair that stood there, covered with dust and cob-webs, and covered her face with her hand, and I stood by the window and looked at her.

"Maude—"

"No—say nothing! say nothing!" she said hastily.

"You are right. I will not. God bless you, Maude."

I walked away, unlocked the door and left her. But one truth was thrilling through my heart like fire. I loved Maude—Maude loved me!

When I got to the house, Maude was sitting at her window, with a book in her hand, though it was quite dark. She did not look up or speak as I passed by, and in the parlor I found Isabel, who was silent and nervous, and evidently suffering from headache. It was not long before she excused herself, and retired. Lucy Ashley and I were left alone. She sat by the table embroidering some little article, and I threw myself on the sofa near her, and drew the ears of Maude's Newfoundland through my fingers, and talked to him, feeling it a comfort to be near anything that was dear to her, even though it were only a dog.

"I wonder you gentlemen don't take to embroidery," said Lucy after a time. "You don't know how it would quiet you. And, by the way, what do you think I am working this for?"

"It might be a table-cloth for the King of the Ahantees, for aught I know," I said, looking at the square of gossamer she held up.

"Indeed, it is no such thing. It is Isabel's wedding pocket-handkerchief."

"Ah!"

That reminded me of all I wanted most to forget, and I fell into a moody silence, as I thought how soon the wedding day must come.

"The twentieth of September, is it not?" asked Lucy.

I nodded.

She looked sharply at me, and then laid aside her work, and came over and sat down beside me, with the air of a dentist who is determined to extract an aching tooth, whether the unlucky patient will or not.

"John, let that great dog alone one moment, and listen to me."

"Now it is coming," I groaned inwardly.

"You are engaged to Isabel, but you don't love her," said Lucy.

"How do you know?"

"You love Maude, and Maude loves you."

"Speak lower, for Heaven's sake. How do you know *that?*"

"Because I have the misfortune to be a woman, I suppose," she said, with a gay little laugh. "Now you must acknowledge, since you *are* engaged to Isabel, that this is a very awful state of things."

I sighed, and said I knew it was.

"Well, you need not look quite so wo-begone. If any one was to show you an easy way of escape—for instance, if they were to tell you that Isabel loves my brother, and would give the world to be free from you, and that he loves her—what would you say?"

"That it was a lie!" I exclaimed, springing to my feet.

"My grandmother has told me that 'seeing is believing.' Here is your hat. Keep the dog back, or he will spoil the fun. Now give me your arm, and mind how you go, or we shall both be in the ditch."

She hurried me out through the yard across the road, and half way down the orchard slope on the other side of the wall, before I well knew what I was about. Breathless with running, she halted at last beneath an enormous apple tree, whose branches were bending with their rosy fruit, and pulling me to her side, pointed out beyond to a little rustic seat which had been put there for the use of Maude and Isabel, whenever they wanted to pass an idle hour in the open air.

"Pretty scene, isn't it?" she whispered, "Nice grouping of figures in the foreground, and the moon, just rising over the hills yonder, has a fine effect. I believe I could write a poem or paint a picture to-night. Hold me if I go off in an ecstacy, will you? But why don't you look?"

I looked, and was transfixed with astonishment. I will not particularize. It is enough to say that I learned that Lucy was right in her conjectures—that Isabel and Lucy's brother William were ardent and miserable lovers.

"It was wrong for me to meet you," she began.

"It was not, Isabel! I have a better right to you than he has, for you love me. But this half hour seems an age, because through it all I have been pleading with you in vain—because I have been clinging to your hand for safety, and it only pushes me deeper down in the gulf. Now, for the last time I ask you, must the rash promise made to this man stand in the way of our happiness forever?"

"Yes," she said, steadily.

"You were young and thoughtless—you did not know your own heart."

"Yet I pledged it, and having done so, I must redeem my word. William, I am tired and sick. Let me go."

She rose, but he detained her.

"Is it your final answer?"

"Yes. I can better bear to be unhappy through life, than to allow any one to say, with truth, that Isabel Jernynghame has broken her word."

Ah! I began to know this woman just as I was on the verge of losing her.

"Good-by, Isabel."

"Good-by, William. God bless you!"

She was white as death, but very calm. He bent over her hand—she would not let him touch her lips.

"Go! go!" she cried, entreatingly, and he dropped the hand and made one step away. Only one, and then he turned and opened his arms with a great cry.

"Oh, Isabel! I *cannot* go!"

The next moment she, who had always been so cold and stately with me, was in his arms, weeping like a child, and clinging to his neck as if she defied Heaven itself to tear her from him. But when I stepped forward, urged on by Lucy, and stood before them in the moonlight, she sank upon the little seat, and covered her face with her hands.

"What are you here for, sir?" asked William, fiercely, as he looked at me.

I returned the gaze steadily.

"To make you happy, if you like." And I went and sat down by Isabel, and put my arm around her waist.

"Isabel, my dear, we have made a great mistake, and if it had not been for our little Lucy, there, we might have made a still greater one. You will forgive me for listening to what you two have been saying, when I tell you that I never knew half the value of my treasure before. Look up at me, Isabel."

Her eyes met mine, and they were full of tears

"Do you love him?" I asked, pointing to William.

Like the frank, glorious creature she was, she answered—

"Yes."

"And will you make me happy by telling him so, and marrying him on the 20th, as you were to have married me?"

"You do not mean it."

"Yes, upon my honor. And we will be dear friends, Isabel, still, for"—I whispered something in her ear that made her face light up like magic, and took advantage of our old relation to kiss her at the end of my story, at which she blushed, and William looked indignant.

"Do you consent?" I cried.

"Yes—but then——"

"Oh, never mind the rest. Ashley, my good fellow, come here."

He had been standing too far away to hear our conversation, and came forward, looking as surly as an enraged lion.

"Another time, in the place of stealing a man's goods, ask him for them," I said, slily, "and you may get them more honestly."

"What do you mean?"

I took Isabel's hand and put it in his.

"Can you understand that, you dog? Take her, and if you are not kind to her every moment of your life, I'll shoot you as if you were a squirrel."

There I left them, to make all explanations by themselves with the help of Lucy, who was laughing and crying all in a breath, and ran like a lapwing towards the house. I cleared the gate at a bound, and there sat Maude in the open door, with her arms around the Newfoundland's neck, and her head resting on his. She sprang up when she saw me—no longer the Maude who loved, but the Maude who teased, and tormented, and laughed at me.

"Well, what is the matter now?" she asked, brusquely. "Any one dead or scalped by Indians, that you come tumbling over the gate in such a fashion?"

"Yes, Maude, pride is dead, coldness and unhappiness are dead, and if you grieve, it must be with your arms around my neck, instead of Bruno's."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Isabel and William are to be married on the twentieth, not Isabel and I. I just left them with Lucy, and all is settled. Now, Maude!"

"Well, what now?"

She kept me at bay, knowing her power, and using it most cruelly. But I could not be played with then—I was too much in earnest. I made one step towards her, and had the laughing gipsy in my arms.

"Now, Maude," I said, looking down into her bonnie eyes. "I must have my answer now, you tyrant. May I hold you here forever?"

"If you think there is no chance of your getting tired," she said, with a saucy smile.

And so I won her. And the three homes (for Lucy is no longer single) in Lennox are the happiest on earth, I care not who denies it!

MATTER OF TASTE.—"Ven you're a married man, Sammy, you'll understand a great many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste—I think it isn't."

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts."
SHAKESPEARE.

What is it that gives so much interest to a novel or a romance, notwithstanding all the fictitious non-naturals it contains? And how comes it to pass that such philosophic minds as Samuel Coleridge, who says, "I am by the law of my nature a reasoner," should delight to refresh themselves from graver pursuits in the ideal world of fiction? We may answer, in Coleridge's own words, it is "by the law of our nature" that we are attracted by the charms of dramatic history. Coleridge frequently unbent his mind by reading a modern novel; Scott was his especial favorite; and his almost devotional attachment to Shakespeare and the drama proves that he at least did not regard this literary passion as incompatible with the highest order of philosophical genius. Milton's mind was formed in the school of fancy by the pages of romance and poetry, as well as by the folios of history and divinity. No great genius can be without this passion for story; which, in former times, manifested itself in the simple form of parable and allegory, and is beautifully illustrated in the parables of Christ himself; and, in modern times, has assumed the more voluminous and extended, but less sacred, form of the historical novel or romance, and the drama.

The Drama is the generic name for the whole. A novel is a species of drama, or complete history, having, as Aristotle observes of a sentence, "a beginning, a middle and an end." It is this which distinguishes the drama from history or biography; for though biography appears to be an exception, and to be possessed of all three, in one sense it has neither. The life of any one individual leaves a most unsatisfactory and deep void, which makes it appear like a mere episode or fraction of history, terminating without a consummation or winding up either of the affairs or the principles on which the life was engaged, and for which the biography was written.

It is very different with a novel, a romance, or a drama; in these there is a completeness—a winding up of all affairs. The whole subject-matter of the plot is explained; the mystery is unriddled; the darkness is illuminated; vice is punished; innocence is acquitted or justified; and even the most trifling circumstances are discovered to have a meaning; and unfortunate events, which the reader or spectator often sadly deplores or regrets whilst they are enacted before his eyes, are discovered at last to be benign and merciful providences, by which the way of escape is opened to the hero or the heroine, and the machinations of their enemies discomfited. A drama is, therefore, a complete history—a substitute by fancy of that which real history does not yet afford us, and cannot afford us, until the winding up of this world's affairs in one grand consummation. Then the history of the world will be dramatised; for then everything will reveal its true meaning—mysteries will be cleared up—darkness will be made light, and crooked things will be made straight.

In reading a novel, it is the belief of this completeness, this final winding up, that creates the interest in our minds. Were we not assured, from experience, that every difficulty would be removed at the conclusion of the tale, we should not have any interest whatever in reading it. The interest is a pure offspring of faith—faith in the completeness of the history and the importance of all the incidents as they occur in succession. When Waverley sets out from his uncle's mansion to join his regiment in Scotland, and Mr. Pembroke, his Jacobite tutor, puts into his hand a huge manuscript of his own lucubrations, and the hero throws the manuscript into a corner of his trunk, without reading it, or feeling any curiosity to read it, no experienced novel-reader ever imagines that this circumstance is of no importance, and that the manuscript will not make its ominous appearance on the stage once more. Every boarding-school miss will tell you, with a knowing shake of her head, that we shall hear something of those papers again. And nothing is more common amongst skillful novel-readers than to exercise their ingenuity in attempting to divine what may be the consequence of such apparently trifling circumstances in the commencement of a play or a tale. The ladies are particularly fond of anticipating conclusions in this manner; and their eyes expand with delight, when they find that they have been successful in discovering the plot. But it is generally acknowledged that the plot which conceals itself to the very last scene of the piece is superior to that which is easily detected before the general consummation takes place. Whatever anxiety the reader or spectator may experience to forestall or anticipate the author, he still rewards the author with his approbation when he succeeds in preserving his secret to the last.

Faith of some kind is the soul of society; it is the soul of religion; it is the soul of politics; it is the soul of commerce; it is the soul of the press—whatever support it receives it derives from the faith of the public in its reports; it is the soul of friendship; it is the soul of love; it is the soul of history; it is the soul of poetry, fiction, and romance; it is the soul of the drama; and wherever this faith is most perfectly developed, and most devotedly interested, there the highest orders of minds collect and work for the gratification of the world. At one time the dramatic faith of the Church was most powerful. At the end of the tenth century the grand *denouement*, or winding up, was very generally expected; and all Christendom was soon after enthusiastically combined in heart and soul to recover possession of the Holy Sepulchre. It was a very ignorant faith; for, though they expected the "finish," they could not explain the concurrent circumstances. It was a faith derived from the single fact of a thousand years being completed. Churches were allowed to dilapidate, because it was useless to repair them. Ruins covered the Christian world; and it was not till after two or more years after the commencement of the eleventh century that the work of reparation began; and a new idea of faith soon after seized the public mind, which had important consequences in the wars of the crusades. It was so also at the Reformation and our own Revolution. But these great historic and dramatic faiths have now given place to minor dramatic and literary faiths, which are the same in principle, though smaller in degree.

The love of perfection, or completeness, is at the root of the passion for novel-reading; it is a noble passion, but it may be corrupted and debased by being only supplied with inferior examples of that completeness which the passion demands; and for want of a better, a passion will always content itself with a worse, just as a lady's lap-dog, rather than die of hunger, will eat a bit of dry bread and be thankful for it. To cure the passion for dramatic story, it is vain to preach and expostulate, or proscribe. Such severity will only arouse the spirit of intrigue, and young ladies, rather than be thwarted in their imaginative loves, will study and practise the arts of deception, and something even stronger than deception, to elude the vigilance of their scrupulous guardians. The passion is not given us to be destroyed, but to be polished and refined. Its destruction would be fatal to literature, taste, and virtue. It is the passion for excellence itself—the passion that delights in excellence of character, of which the hero and heroine are the personal embodiments or representatives—the passion that delights in excellence of dialogue, of which the drama affords the most choice specimens—the passion, in fine, which delights in providential deliverance and coincidences, of which the "plot" is always a more or less happy illustration. And without such a passion, how very depraved would humanity become! It is a passion—this passion for finish and completeness—which reveals itself in every movement of party, every department of social activity. Every party in existence has an *end* in view, and it is this end or *finish* that inspires it with enthusiasm. This passion for "finish" is, therefore, universal, and it is this which gives its interest to the novel and romance, and makes national or universal history so generally dry and uninteresting.

Nor will history ever be made interesting until it be regarded as part of a great drama of Providence. Then every one will read it and delight in it; for every one will understand it, and see the use and meaning of its parts. History has yet to be written. Some few attempts have been made, and with partial success, to dramatise the history of the world, but they are incomplete for want of "an end." We know of no writer who has succeeded in imagining even a plausible termination to this age of sectarianism and political strife, and perhaps it cannot well be imagined until it be actually realized. But, when it is realized—the pages of history will almost immediately be clothed in romance—the history of the Church and the history of States will be written anew—the mysteries will be cleared up, "dark will be light and wrong will be right," and the mysterious movements of Providence will be justified and appreciated. The completeness of history will then exalt it to the rank of the universal drama, novel, and romance, and it will be the delight of every polished and refined mind to study it minutely; nor will time itself be too long to discover the wisdom and the beauty of its providential arrangements

IS IT POSSIBLE?

We are often told that it is our duty to be always cheerful and light of heart.

But before we admit that it really is obligatory upon us to be evermore in such a desirable frame of mind, we wish to know whether or not the thing is *possible*.

Is it possible for a sensitive heart to be happy and light when it knows that those dearest to it on earth are indifferent to it, or are bent upon misjudging and wounding it? Is it possible for an affectionate heart to be happy when it is denied even so much as a living flower to call its own? Is it possible for a confiding heart to be happy, when it sees its confidence violated, and feels the arm on which it leaned removed from under it, and that where it bore its weight on what seemed roses it is transfixed by thorns? Is it possible for a proud and noble-meaning heart to be happy when overwhelmed with unmerited disgrace?

It may be possible to find consolation, and at length consolation may lead to happiness, but we rather think that those who preach literal rejoicing to those whose hearts are sore and quivering from the anguish of life had better go and try their own remedy when they find themselves in the same misery. They would soon find how much easier it is to *say* "cheer up, look on the happy side," than to *do it*, when trouble is on and in one. A. M.

SKETCH OF A GENTLEMAN.

Moderation, decorum, and neatness, distinguish the gentleman; he is at all times affable, diffident, and studious to please. Intelligent and polite, his behavior is pleasant and graceful. When he enters the dwelling of an inferior, he endeavors to hide, if possible, the difference between their rank in life; ever willing to assist those around him, he is neither unkind, haughty, nor overbearing. In the mansions of the great, the correctness of his mind induces him to bend to etiquette, but not to stoop to adulation; correct principle cautions him to avoid the gaming-table, inebriety, or any other foible that could occasion him self-reproach. Pleased with the pleasures of reflection, he rejoices to see the gaieties of society, and is fastidious upon no point of little import. *Appear* only to be a gentleman, and its shadow will bring upon you contempt; *be* a gentleman, and its honors will remain even after you are dead.

HAPPINESS OF CHILDREN.

Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accomodation to circumstances, which compensates for many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unsatiated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasure; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins, whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks, or oyster-shells; or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-clothed, half-washed fellow of four or five years old, who sits with a large rusty knife and a lump of bread and bacon at his father's door, and might move the envy of an alderman.

SELF-WILLED MEN.

Men who are self-willed, are in their demeanor perverse and froward, stiff and stubborn, with much inconvenience to others, and commonly with more to themselves. It must be just as they will have it; what, if ten to one think otherwise; what, if generally, the wisest men are agreed to the contrary; what, if the most pressing necessity of affairs do not admit it; what, if public authority does not allow it? yet so it must be, because they fancy it, otherwise they will not be quiet; so do they sacrifice the greatest benefits of society, public order and peace, mutual love and friendship, common safety and prosperity, to their private will and humor.

THE GROWTH OF CHRITIANITY.—The spread of Christianity over the world is like the growth of a tree. By the closest watching one cannot see the coming of the new ring about the heart of the tree. But when the year is gone the ring is *there*. When we look abroad over the world we cannot see that the good cause grows at all, but when we look back for fifty years we discover that its advancement has been very great.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

BY ALICE CARY.

My God, my God! what way shall I be free
From all my broken plans and promises?
The creeds declare I am accursed of Thee—
Is it thy voice within my soul that says,

Traced backward to their last analysis,
All acts of abstinence, or of abuse,
All pains, all passions are resolved to this,
A primal purpose, underlying use—

And by those heavy strokes we misname ill,
Through the fierce fire of sin, thro' tempering doubt,
Our natures more and more are beaten out
To perfecter reflections of thy will?

Even though I play my virtue all away
With desperate fortune, ay, more yet, the price
That ends the game, and makes the grave's dread clay
All grim and ghastly with my last white dice;

Why this I know,—a wave of green will swim
Up from my ashes ere a year go by,
Proclaiming that to change is not to die,
And that we cannot go outside of Him,
Who serves his ends, when that our bodies pass
Into the grass, and flower of the grass.

We are the mariners, and He, the Sea,
And though we make false reckonings, and run
Wide of a righteous course, and are undone,
ut of his deeps of love, we cannot be.

UNEXPECTED EVIDENCE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"I once had an adventure," said my friend, "which I think is worth printing; and if you will write it out I'll tell it to you."

"Go ahead," said I, "and, if it suits, the printer shall have it."

"Well—I'll give it to you," he resumed, as he threw his cigar away, and tipped his chair back against the wall. "It may not have been so startling an adventure as some, but the train of circumstances connected with it were very curious, and, in my opinion, remarkable. My brother James, who is two years older than myself, had gone out West, intending to settle either in Missouri or Kentucky. He had been gone about three months when I received a letter from him, postmarked at Columbia, Kentucky. He was in jail, and about to be tried for the crime of murder. He had been arrested for murdering a traveler, and the evidence was so strong, and so direct, against him, that no lawyer could be found who could give him any hope. He had stopped overnight at a small inn some twenty miles west of Columbia, and in the morning he sat out alone on his journey. As he was passing through a wood he saw a dead body lying by the road-side, and he stopped his horse, and dismounted. He found it to be the body of a middle-aged man, who had been killed with a knife, there being several deep wounds upon the breast. The corpse was still warm, and while he was in the act of turning it over, in order to get a better view of the face, he heard some one approaching, and upon looking up he saw two men, who seemed to have come from a little woodpath near at hand. He told them how he had found the body, and asked them if they knew who it was. But they only shook their heads, and told him that he was doing it very well. In short, they accused him of having done the deed, and, without further ado, apprehended him, and carried him to the next village, where they entered a complaint and gave in their evidence.

"At first my brother looked upon it as rather a light affair, and only considered the delay it would occasion him; but when the examination came he found things looking rather dark. It was proved that the murdered man had stopped at the inn where he stopped, having arrived late in the evening, and started off at daylight in the morning. The two men who had caused his arrest swore, point blank, that they saw him strike the fatal blow, and that he was pulling the murdered man's purse from his pocket as they came up! They told the story with such assurance and regularity that they were readily believed. And then James could not deny enough to help him. The people had become convinced that he was guilty, and the whole tide was against him.

"As soon as I got this letter I hurried off for Kentucky, hoping that I might be of some assistance to my unfortunate brother; and I wished to get there, if possible, before his trial came on. On the evening of the fourteenth day I reached an inn to which I had been directed, and had my weary horse put up. I knew that I was very near my journey's end, but I could go no further that night. After supper I went into the bar-room, where a few of the neighbors had assembled, and from their conversation I soon learned that this was the very house at which my brother had stopped on the night before his arrest, and of course I could not be far from the scene of the murder. I had made up my mind that I would not reveal my relationship to the prisoner until I had seen him, and conferred with his lawyer, if he had one—and, if he had none, with one whom I might engage for him. So I pretended to be entirely uninformed upon the subject, and asked what the circumstances were. The facts were related to me just as my brother had stated them, though somewhat heightened in color.

"I felt the public pulse through these men. The prisoner was a Yankee, and a stranger, and the people believed him guilty. The two witnesses who had sworn to the fact of his doing the murder I learned were respected men, though not very valuable citizens. They were hunters and trappers, when hunting and trapping would pay; and sometimes they helped run flat-boats down the Mississippi. Their names were Matthew Harn and Isaac Croft, and they lived not far from the village; and I furthermore learned that they had both been at the inn on that very evening. I was told that the trial would come off in four days, and that the prisoner would surely be hanged.

"When I went to bed that night I felt uneasy. My brother's case seemed dubious. Of course I knew that he was innocent. And if that was so, how should I account for the evidence of Harn and Croft? They must either be mistaken, or they must have sworn falsely. If they had done the latter thing, then they might be more guilty still. From what I had seen and heard I judged that they enjoyed the confidence of their fellows more from their convivial and physical qualities than from any morality or fixed principles of honor; and I meant to know them better.

"I returned to my room at ten o'clock, and went to bed. I fell into a doze, but was not destined to enjoy much sleep. I lay pondering upon the fate of my brother for an hour, or so, and then one of my teeth began to ache. I had got some cold by exposure on the day before, and it had settled where such colds were apt to, in my jaw. After suffering till my nerves were all unstrung I got out of bed and dressed myself, for I could not stand it to lie there. I hoped that a turn out of doors might relieve me. I made my way down with as little noise as possible, and gained the street without disturbing any one. The night was calm and clear, and I walked away without noticing or caring whither I went. The village was a small one, the houses being huddled together upon the left bank of the river, so I was not long in getting beyond the line of settlement. I had gone, perhaps, about half a mile beyond the village, and was thinking of turning back, when I heard some one groan as though in pain; and as I stopped to look around the same voice cried out for help. By this time I had discovered from whence the sound came, and upon approaching the spot I found a female, sitting by the roadside, apparently in deep agony. I asked her what was the matter, and she told me she had been thrown from her horse, and that her ankle was either broken or badly sprained. I stooped down, and found that the right ankle was out of joint, and I knew that the poor woman must be suffering intensely. I had seen a good many joints set, and had helped to perform the operation in some cases; so I told her that I would try to fix her ankle if she was willing. She was anxious that I should help her, and I made the trial. It was a tedious job, and she bore the pain like a martyr, and at length I had the satisfaction of believing that the bones were all in place. Of course the ankle was much swollen, and still very painful, but I bound it up as best I could, and then told the sufferer that I would help her home. She said she lived not far off, and as her horse had probably made his way to his stable, she would gladly accept of my assistance.

"She was not a heavy woman, and as I was a pretty powerful man, I easily lifted her in my arms, for I knew very well that she could not step. As I bore her along thus I asked her what her name was, and she told me Matilda Harn. I then asked if she was married. She said she was—that her husband's name was Matthew Harn; and she asked me if I knew him. I told her no—that I was a stranger in those parts, only having stopped at the inn for the night. In a little while we came to a narrow path which led off to the right, and the woman bade me turn into it. I did so, and ere long we came to a small hut, which proved to be the home of my patient. I bore her into the dwelling, where I found only a young girl, who proved to be Harn's daughter.

"'Where is your father?' asked the woman.

"'He's gone over to Ike Croft's, I guess,' was the reply.

"I remarked to the sufferer that she had better have her ankle swathed with wet bandages, the first thing, and then she could send for her husband. So her daughter got the necessary materials, and I soon had the inflamed joint in a more comfortable condition. After this she sent for her husband, and I told her that I would find the doctor, if he was in the village, and send him to see her. As I was about to turn away she called me back, and asked me if I was going to Columbia. I told her I was.

"'And you mean to start early in the morning?' she continued.

"'Yes,' I told her.

"She hesitated a few moments, and then said—

"'You have done me a great favor, and I bless you for it; and now I may serve you in turn. Don't travel on this road alone in the morning. If you must go, wait until you can have company.'

"I asked her what she meant—what the danger was. She said she feared there were robbers in the wood.

"'There have been two or three murders committed near the place where we turned off from the road,' she added, 'and I have reason to fear that there are bad men about, even now.'

"She urged me to be warned in season, and to believe that she had saved my life by thus placing me on my guard. I thanked her for her advice, and having assured her that I would follow it, I turned away again. But again she called me back, and begged of me not to mention to any one what she had told me, for it might get her into trouble. I gave her no direct answer, but assured her that I had no wish to bring harm upon her, and then I left the hut.

"As soon as I got fairly away from the building I stopped. I had surely fallen upon something of importance. This woman's husband, and the neighbor whom he had gone to visit, were the witnesses against my brother, and I surely had every reason to believe that they were the guilty parties. I was now aware that the murder had been committed near the place where I had turned off from the main road, and, from what my brother had written, I judged that the two men who had apprehended him must have come out from the very path in which I then stood. They had probably murdered and robbed their victim, and before they could conceal the body my brother's approach had driven them away. As concealment after this would be impossible, they formed the wild scheme of shifting the crime on to other shoulders; and, if such was the case, they had well nigh succeeded.

"After revolving the subject over in my mind, I resolved to wait till Matthew Harn came, thinking it very likely that Croft would come with him, and that I might learn something more. So I crept as near to the hut as I dared, and there awaited the result. In a little while the girl returned, and with her came two men. They entered the hut, and I tried to get near enough to hear what was said within, but did not succeed. Ere long, however, the men came out, and stopped very near to my place of concealment.

"'Well, Mat,' said one of them, 'I'll go home, and be on hand in the morning. The old woman'll do well enough, I guess.'

"'But I hope that doctor won't come,' returned the other. 'He may be right in our way.'

"'If he does come,' suggested the first speaker, 'he'll be off in season. At all events, you can easily keep him out of the way.'

"'Never mind,' said Harn. 'But say,' he added, 'this fellow who brought 'Tilda home must be the very chap we're after.'

"'I think so,' was the response.

"They talked a little while longer, and I learned their plans pretty thoroughly. I was their intended victim. They had been at the inn when I arrived, and had discovered that I was a perfect stranger in that section; so they thought I should not be missed if they put me out of the way. They felt sure that I had money with me, and they must have it. Croft was to be on hand before daylight, and they would lie in wait for me until I came along—then kill and rob me—take care of my horse, and sink my body '*in the old well.*'

"I made my way back to the inn, and reached my room without disturbing any one. My toothache was gone, though I had no recollection of the precise time when the pain left me. In the morning I pretended to be sick with a cold and headache, and told the landlord that I could not ride my horse. He said that was the day for the stage, and that it would be along about ten o'clock; so I informed him that I should wait for it, and engaged him to keep my horse until I called for it. Then I bound a handkerchief about my head, and acted the sick man as well as I could. At nine o'clock I heard two familiar voices under the window. They were my friends, Harn and Croft. They had come to find out why I had not gone along on my journey. They talked with the hostler a spell, and then came into the bar-room, where I was sitting, pretending to be half asleep. They were hard-looking fellows, as I had expected, and just such men as I should suppose would work or rob, as opportunity might offer. They were not ugly-looking, nor really villainous; but they had a reckless, swaggering way, and a loose expression, which at once betokened that they possessed little or no sense of morality or humanity. They took a good look at me—then took something to drink—and then took their leave; and I could see that they were somewhat disappointed.

"At ten o'clock the stage came along, and I took passage on board, and by three o'clock in the afternoon was in Columbia. I gained access to my brother without trouble, and I certainly don't think I should have known him if I had met him in the street, he had grown so thin and pale. But when I came to tell him what I had discovered, the color came to his face, and he looked more like himself. He told me he had engaged a lawyer, who lived close by, and having spent half an hour with him, I went to see his legal friend. I found the latter individual in his office, and having made myself known, I proceeded to relate my adventure of the night before. He was not only interested, but he entered into my plans with enthusiasm, and promised to take the whole affair into his own hands, and manage it to the best of his ability. He told me that there were rumors afloat that two men had been murdered, on the road where my brother was apprehended, before the crime was committed of which James was accused; but they had been strangers in the country, and no certain information could be obtained.

"On the following morning the lawyer had all the necessary documents prepared, and, in company with the sheriff, we set off. We reached the residence of Matthew Harn before noon, and found both him and Croft there. They were frightened when the officer arrested them, but offered no resistance; though they might have done so had they known how much evidence we were likely to bring against them. They were taken to the inn, and, from there, sent forward under a sufficient guard to Columbia. A company was then collected, and we went out to the wood to see if we could find '*the old well*,' of which I had heard the prisoners speak. One of the party remembered that there used to be a house near the spot where the murder had been done, and under his direction the search was commenced. The place where the house had stood was found, and ere long we found the well. It was very deep, and covered with fallen logs and bushes. Grappling-hooks were procured, and three dead bodies were fished out from the slimy water! One of them was much decomposed, but the other two were not so far gone but that the innkeeper could recognize them as men who had stopped over night at his house only a few months before.

"The next movement of the sheriff was to arrest Mrs. Harn and her daughter, and also the wife and young son of Isaac Croft. They were taken at once to Columbia, and there confined separately.

"Two days after this my brother's trial came on, and he was acquitted without difficulty. But not so with the two witnesses who had caused his arrest. They were tried upon an indictment for murder, and the evidence was so whelming against them that hardly a shadow of defence was made; and when they were fully convicted, Croft made a confession. He acknowledged that he and Harn had murdered the traveler, and had just robbed him when they heard the tramp of a coming horse. They had barely time to empty the purse and throw it down, and make off into the woods, when my brother came up. When they saw him dismount, and commence to examine the corpse, the idea entered their heads of fastening the crime upon him. They had two objects in this:—first, to shift the present crime from their own shoulders; and, second, to turn suspicion from themselves in case the previous murders should come to light. But they failed in their plans, and in due time met the fate they so richly deserved.

"By the time we got clear of the Hickman Court my brother was willing to come back with me. His first experience in the West had made him kind of homesick, and he fancied he would rather live where his known good character might be of some avail against the false swearing of perjured rascals."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. ——.—The delicate constitution of your daughter is an additional reason for your keeping her at home, rather than a reason for sending her to boarding-school. A delicate and "weakly" girl's health would not be apt to be improved by sending her among strangers, where it would be contrary to all experience should she receive that careful attention and tender nursing which a mother would give her. Besides, as long as your daughter is so ill in health, she should not be urged on in her studies, nor be kept shut up in recitation rooms. Keep her at home, and give her abundant opportunities for exercise and amusement, if you would make her a robust, and healthy, and happy woman.

Tecumseh.—The difficulty with the Indians, known as the "Black-Hawk war," occurred in 1832. Black-Hawk (the noted chief who led the Indians into the war) was taken prisoner and escorted through a large portion of the United States, in order to give him an idea of our power and greatness, that he might see how useless it would be for his people to contend with us. The lesson had the desired effect.

Esculapius.—Your expenses in New York for a month would depend upon your tastes and habits. You could live comfortably here, for that length of time, for $50; and you might spend, waste and lose $50,000—if you had it.

Jarndyce.—You should have thought of the "law's delay" before commencing the suit. Where two parties are obstinately pulling in opposite directions, there can not be much haste.

E. L. K.—We cannot tell you how to foreclose a mortgage unless we are put in possession of all the facts of the case, which are seldom exactly alike in any two foreclosure suits. If you undertake to conduct the suit yourself, you will probably be beaten, in case there be any defence.

Blanche Bertrand loves a young gentleman devotedly, and has done everything she dare do to make him aware of the fact, but he still seems to be utterly unconscious of the happiness thus within his reach. This state of things occasions Blanche much unhappiness, especially as she is convinced that a certain female friend of hers has also fixed her affections on the same object. The question she now asks is, "How *can* I bring him to the point?" We don't know. We never saw anybody "brought to the point." We were never "brought to the point." We went there voluntarily. So, we know nothing about such an operation. It is our opinion, however, (and it is founded on our knowledge of human nature,) that the more a girl tries to bring a young man to the point, the more obstinately he will go in another direction. Girls must wait to be wooed and won, and not pursue their victims with a matrimonial lasso, as an Indian of the Pampas pursues a wild horse. You should exhibit the greatest possible amount of goodness, modesty, industry, intelligence, and other amiable and attractive qualities and accomplishments, if you would bring any young man to the "point," so famous in love's annals. Men love modesty and delicacy in women, above almost everything else.

Onondaga.—Sam Patch's "last leap" was made on the 18th of November, 1829, and not in 1830, as you suppose. The occurrence took place just below the Genessee Falls, near Rochester. Sam had before jumped from the precipice of the Falls to the gulf below, a distance of about one hundred feet; but on the occasion now under consideration, he had a staging erected, twenty-five feet higher than the brink of the precipice, making the distance he was to jump full one hundred and twenty-five feet. The reason he gave for thus adding to the already perilous hight of the leap was, that he might show the world "that some things can be done as well as others"—a saying which has passed into a proverb. It was a terrible sight to see him descend like an arrow into the boiling gulf; and when minute after minute elapsed without his reappearing, a thrill of horror ran through the immense crowds that had gathered on the banks of the river, to witness the daring feat. The body of the unfortunate man was not recovered for some time, and when found, a large stick was discovered to have been thrust deep into his side. It was probably to the injury thus inflicted that he owed his death.

A Suffering Wife writes that she has been married seven years, during which time she has tried hard to do her duty faithfully and make home happy, but that her efforts are foiled by the ill conduct of her husband, who gets drunk, abuses her and her children, and openly boasts of having been guilty of unmentionable things. They have three children—a daughter six years old, and two sons younger. She is afraid they will be ruined, if they grow up under their father's influence, and she wishes to know what can be done to aid her and save them. "Can my husband be reformed? Can I get a divorce? What *can* I do?" Your husband's reformation is not impossible, but it is highly improbable. A man who has become such a miserable wretch, seldom reforms, but grows worse and worse unto the end. You cannot get a divorse, under the laws of this State, unless proof of your husband's infidelity can be adduced. But if your case were properly managed, you might get a separation from your husband, and have the children removed from the influence of his debasing conduct.

Inquirer.—We cannot say positively what the Indians sold the Island of Manhattan (now New York) to the whites for; but it is said they sold it for twenty-four dollars. The first fortified settlement of this city was made by the Dutch, in the year 1615. The city was taken by the British under Lord Howe, in 1776, and held by them until the close of the Revolutionary war, when they evacuated it, Nov. 25, 1783. It then had about 22,000 inhabitants. The great rush of population to this city commenced between the years 1788 and 1790. From the latter year to 1800 the population increased over 27,000. From 1800 to 1810 the increase was over 36,000. Its increase was retarded somewhat by the war of 1812, so that from 1810 to 1820 it reached only 27,000. During the next ten years, however, it made amends for this, and increased 79,000. The next ten years, from 1830 to 1840, its increase was over 110,000—which, of itself, is population enough for a large city. Since 1840, the population has doubled, and is now not far from 700,000.

Scribe.—We do not want any "gossip which would show that Washington was rather a fast young man," because any and all such "gossip," if any such exists, must have been manufactured out and out. No man's history, from the cradle to the grave, has been more thoroughly ransacked than Washington's; and all his biographers, and all historians who have touched upon the subject, concur in establishing the fact that Washington was a boy and a young man of grave demeanor, of steady habits, devoted to study and industrious and useful pursuits, *and of unimpeachable honor.* So you had better keep your "private scandal" about him for your own private delectation. You are probably one of the very few persons living who would enjoy and thrive upon it.

Jessamine.—Your gazetteer is wrong. The "Fort Niagara" which the British took in the war of 1812, is not situated in the *town* of Niagara, in the county of the same name, in this State. Fort Niagara is situated in the town of Youngstown, in the county of Niagara. The Canadian village of Niagara is on the opposite side of the Niagara River, and *their* fort, there situated, is called Fort George. The American village of Niagara is at the Falls, some fifteen miles above Fort George and Fort Niagara.

School Boy.—You had better take your mother's advice and eschew tobacco instead of chewing it. Let cigars alone; smoking is an offensive and expensive habit. It may be that there are persons who can use tobacco with impunity; but it certainly injures some who use it; while no one is ever harmed by *not* using it. You can "put that in your pipe and smoke it."

A Young German.—You should wait for a lady to bow to you first, unless she be such an intimate acquaintance that you *know* she would be glad of a bow or a recognition from you. In regard to gentlemen whom you consider your superiors in station or social position, or who are much older than yourself, you should always wait for them to salute you first.

E. S. G.—The "times" will probably grow better and better now for several years to come. All you have to do is to work hard and live economically, and you willcome out all right in due course of time.

Silverlocks.—The clergyman did right in reproving you for showing disrespect to the poor old man. You should thank him for recalling you to your right mind, and in future should follow the advice he then gave you.

For Back Numbers of the "Ledger" we charge *four* cents a copy. "The Storm Secret" runs through eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Mystic Bride," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Hebrew's Curse," ten numbers, price 40 cents; "Orion, the Gold Beater," fourteen numbers, price 56 cents; "Emma Davis," six numbers, price 24 cents; "Sarah Percival," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "The Refugees," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "Karmel, the Scout," twelve numbers, price 48 cents; "The Abducted Heiress," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "The Wild Knight," five numbers, price 20 cents; "The Wife's Conquest," six numbers, price 24 cents; "The Widow of Toledo," nine numbers, price 36 cents; "The Island Princess," seventeen numbers, price 68 cents; "Bion, the Wanderer, seventeen numbers, price 68 cents; "Lady Claudine," eight numbers, price 32 cents; "The Pioneer Patriot," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Crown Jewels," ten numbers, price 40 cents; "The Bride of an Evening," eleven numbers, price 44 cents.

We will mail to any address either of the above-named stories on the receipt of the sum stated; or we will mail *all* the numbers of the Ledger from June 7th, 1856, up to and including the number of March 13th, 1858—being ninety-three numbers in all, and containing *all* of these stories complete, on the receipt of $3. This is certainly cheap reading—eighteen stories complete, besides the immense variety of other matter contained in the Ledger during that period, for $3.

A Distracted Girl says a gentleman has been visiting her steadily for two years, and giving her cause to think he loves her, but has not "proposed" or in any way "come to the point." His marked and long-continued attentions have created a general impression that he and she are engaged, and consequently no other gentlemen have presumed to interfere. *Now*, her old lover is going off to sea for his health, "without making positive arrangements for the future," but seems to take it for granted that she will permit things to go on in the same indefinite and uncertain manner as heretofore, whereby she is kept from the society of other gentlemen, while *he* is committed to nothing. Under these circumstances, she says, "I want to know what I ought to do!" You ought to go out whenever you suppose this selfish man is coming to see you, and show him that you have no lack of gentleman friends. This would either "bring him to the point," or occasion a cessation of his attentions; and in either case, you would be left free to act as you please. No man has a right to monopolize a lady's attentions and create an impression that he is her accepted lover, without becoming such.

Henry W. B., of Pensaukie, Wis., says there is a young man in that place, nineteen years of age, who in from five to twenty minutes will go into an unnatural or extraordinary state—his eyes rolled up in his head, *no pulse at his wrist and but very little at his heart*, hands cold as a dead person's, blue finger-nails, cold clammy sweat all over him, and jerking and twitching of the muscles; and in this state he will deliver lectures upon abstruse and scientific subjects, of a most logical and finished description, although, when in his natural state, he cannot write his own name, or speak a grammatical sentence. This young man has been brought up in the neighborhood, is known to all the community, and our correspondent says there is no humbug or imposition in it. He wants our opinion on the facts stated, and calls upon us to "give them an article on Spiritualism, which lies at the bottom of these extraordinary things." We do not believe in "Spiritualism." The case described, appears to be one of the kind known among scientific men, as a "magnetic trance," and has nothing at all to do with "Spiritualism."

Several Schoolboys write that they have been working upon a couple of arithmetical problems until they have got discouraged, and now want us to tell them the answers to them. The first problem is this: A and B are driving cattle to market, and A says to B, "Give me one of your oxen, and then I shall have as many as you." "No," says B, "you give me one of yours, and then I shall have as many again as you." How many had each of them? A had *five*, and B had *seven*. The other problem is as follows: A man was driving horses to market, and a stranger meeting him, asked how many he had, to whom the driver replied, "If I had as many more as I have now, and half as many more, and a quarter as many more, and one horse more, I should have a hundred horses." How many had he? He had thirty-six. As to your teacher's introducing the Ledger into your school as a partial substitute for ordinary reading-books, we think the idea a good one. It will give variety and freshness to your reading lessons, and greatly increase your interest in that usually dry and irksome exercise.

Publicola.—You are mistaken in regard to the Cunard steamers being the first that crossed the Atlantic. The first steamship crossed the Atlantic some forty years ago. She was built in New York by a Savannah company, and was named "The Savannah." She sailed from this port in the spring of 1819, for the latter port, where she arrived after a voyage of seven days. From Savannah she sailed (or rather *steamed*) for Liverpool, where she arrived on the 15th of July, 1819, after a voyage of 18 days. From thence she went to Elsinore, Copenhagen, Cronstadt and St. Petersburgh. On her way home she touched at Errington, on the coast of Norway, whence she was 22 days in reaching Savannah. Considering the comparatively imperfect state of the manufacture of machinery at that time, "The Savannah" was a wonderfully successful experiment, so far as speed was concerned.

Laureate.—A young man, on a visit to a lady friend, requested her to keep his cane (a gold-headed and elaborately-carved article) until the next day, as he was going where he did not wish to take it. He left the cane, and on the following day called for it, when it could not be found. The lady cannot tell what has become of it, and feels much chagrined at the loss. The young man is angry, and says he "shall hold her responsible." She would be glad to do anything to satisfy him, but don't know *what* to do; and so she wants our advice. Our advice is, that she should do nothing. She is not responsible for the safe-keeping of the cane, unless she keeps a storehouse, and the cane was left with her in the regular business way. The "young man" must be a most ungallant and selfish person to annoy her about such an affair, and the best thing she can do is to cut his acquaintance.

Daisy.—You should not act in opposition to your mother's wishes, especially in regard to such an important matter as marriage. You are too young to be able to judge for yourself. Of one thing you may rest assured, namely, that a man who will urge a young girl to run away with him, and set her mother's wishes at defiance, is unworthy of your love and confidence. No honorable man would be guilty of such baseness. You should be careful how you make confidants of your mother's dressmakers, who come from abroad. Judging from the facts before us, the one she now has is an unprincipled adventuress, and not an honest seamstress.

G. S. R.—A man twenty-six years old should be ashamed to "despair." To be sure, a false sweetheart, an all-devouring conflagration, and six months of fever and ague, are enough to try a man's nerve severely; but still, he has no business to *despair*. Despair is cowardice, defeat, stagnation, death. Your quotation is good poetry, but bad philosophy: besides, it is not true. Here is a much better one:

"Never despair! Press ahead on the way,
Fear not though the clouds lower darkling to-day,
Fear not though thy heart is encurtained in gloom,
Press onward! To-morrow the sunshine my come." a

Seth Harper.—If it is stipulated in your indentures that you were to serve your master until you should arrive at the age of twenty-one years, when you arrive at that age you will be free, no matter what the mistake was which was made as to your age. If you are six months older than you were supposed to be, and can prove what your age really is, your master cannot hold you after your arrival at your majority. His remedy will be to sue your father for damages, and then, if he can show that he was purposely deceived, and that the loss of your services for six months is a loss to him, he can recover for the same.

Adon wants to know, in case a man who is out in a rainstorm and has an umbrella, meet a lady, with whom he is unacquainted, who has none, if it would be proper for him to offer her his. Yes; it would be perfectly proper. Etiquette does not forbid a gentleman's offering such a courtesy to a lady who is unknown to him, any more than it forbids his stopping, or trying to stop, a horse that should be running away with her, or his offering to do for her any other *needed* act of kindness.

H. D. W.—It is not absolutely essential for you to go through college before studying law. There are able lawyers who have never been to college. Still, it would do you no harm, and might be a great advantage to you. No kind of information comes amiss to a lawyer, and the more varied his accomplishments and extensive his knowledge, the better. During your leisure time, while completing your collegiate course, you could read elementary works on law to advantage.

B. H.—If you cannot make a man who annoys you with his attentions take a hint and desist from the annoyance, tell him, in plain but courteous terms, that you would be obliged to him if he would discontinue his attentions. School-girls should not trouble their heads about beaux. They should mind their P's and Q's, and all the rest of the alphabet of duty.

Carlos.—It depends on your age. If you are a minor, and live at home, you should have obeyed your mother implicitly; but if you are a man grown, you should have the privilege of exercising your own judgment in regard to such an important matter as the social intercourse between you and your intended wife's family.

Theo.—The lines—

"Water, water, everywhere,
And not a drop to drink,"

occur in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." You will find it in any edition of Coleridge's works.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*